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The appointment will run from the commencement of the next academical year on October 1, 1920.

Applicants are requested to send fourteen copies of their letter of application, with any testimonials they may desire to submit, to the Secretary to the University, before the end of February.

WILLIAM WILSON,
Secretary to the University.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH. CHAIR OF FORESTRY.

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WILLIAM WILSON,
Secretary to the University.

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Applications endorsed "Headmaster Ruabon County School," accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials must reach the undersigned on or before March 13, 1920—10 copies of the form of application and of the testimonials to be sent by each Candidate.

J. C. DAVIES, M.A.,
Secretary and Director of Education.

Education Offices, Ruthin,
January 23, 1920.

DENBIGHSHIRE EDUCATION AUTHORITY. COLWYN BAY COUNTY SCHOOL.

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February, 1920.

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Appointments Vacant

OSWESTRY EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

HEADMASTER OF SCHOOL OF ART.

THE Oswestry Education Committee invite Applications for the post of HEADMASTER of the Oswestry School of Art. Appointment from April 1, 1920. Salary £200, with opportunities for private work.

Applications should be received by February 17, 1920, by the undersigned, from whom all further particulars may be obtained.

G. W. FERRINGTON,

Clerk to the Committee.

18, Arthur Street, Oswestry,

January 31, 1920.

THE SALT SCHOOLS, SHIPLEY.

THE Governors invite applications for the appointment of HEAD MISTRESS of the Salt Girls' High School, to commence her duties in September next. Candidates must be Graduates (preferably in Honours) of a University in the United Kingdom, or possess equivalent qualifications. Initial salary, £350 to £450 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. The number of pupils at present in the school is 247.

Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned by forwarding stamped directed envelope, and should be returned not later than March 8 1920.

WALTER POPPLESTONE,

Secretary.

Education Office,

Saltaire Road, Shipley.

HULL MUNICIPAL TRAINING COLLEGE.

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Forms of application, which must be returned to the undersigned as soon as possible, may be had on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope.

PERCIVAL SHARP,

Director of Education.

Education Office, Sheffield, January, 1920.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF PORTSMOUTH.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES AND MUSEUMS.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of THIRD ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, who should have had experience in public library work and should hold the qualifications necessary for registration as a M.L.A. Preference will be given to one who has served in H.M. Forces.

Duties will comprise supervision of branches, or such other work at the Central or Branch Libraries as may from time to time be allotted by the Borough Librarian.

Salary will commence at £100 per annum, rising by annual instalments of £10 to £150; for the present, war bonus on Award 84 will be paid in addition.

Applications enclosing copies of not more than three recent testimonials to be sent to the BOROUGH LIBRARIAN, Central Public Library, Portsmouth, so as to be received by first post on Wednesday February 18, 1920.

Canvassing members of the Council, directly or indirectly, will disqualify.

G. HAMMOND ETHERTON,

Town Clerk.

Town Hall, Portsmouth,

January 28, 1920.

Appointment Vacant

BOROUGH OF BERMONDSEY.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT.

THE Council of the above Borough invite APPLICATIONS for the APPOINTMENT of a LIBRARY ASSISTANT. Candidates must have had practical experience in the work of a Public Library and hold at least two Library Association Professional Certificates. Salary £125 per annum plus £99 18s. war bonus. Applications on forms to be obtained from the undersigned, with copies of two recent testimonials, must be delivered to me not later than 12 noon on February 23, 1920, endorsed "Library Assistant."

FREDK. RYALL,

Town Hall, Spa Road, Bermondsey, S.E.,
February 4, 1920.

Town Clerk.

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London Joint City & Midland Bank LIMITED.

The General Meeting of the London Joint City and Midland Bank Limited was held at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C., on January 29th.

The Right Hon. R. McKenna, the Chairman, presided. In opening his speech the Chairman expressed the personal loss they had all sustained by the death of their late Chairman, and dwelt at length upon Sir Edward Holden's great qualities and the invaluable service rendered by him to their bank.

He was sure it would be in accordance with the shareholders' wish that they should interrupt their proceedings, and before passing to the business of the day, should express their feelings in a formal Resolution. He therefore moved:—

"That this meeting desires to record their profound sense of personal and public loss in the death of Sir Edward Holden, and to convey to his sons, Sir Harry Cassie Holden and Major Norman E. Holden, and to the other members of his family, this expression of their deep sympathy."

The Resolution was carried by the meeting standing in their places.

THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

The Chairman then proceeded:—

I am going to ask you to consider with me to-day a problem which has been much discussed in the Press and in Parliament. Nothing gives so much concern to the public at the present time as the great rise in prices. Masses of people find almost insuperable difficulty in bringing their expenditure within the limits of their income, and they clamour for a remedy. So far as I have seen, the most popular proposal for reducing prices is to fix a limit to the currency note issue. But is this issue really the cause of high prices? May it not be that the great increase in currency notes is itself only an effect of another cause, a mere link in the chain which ends in high prices?

In the first place let us look at the estimated figures of currency, Bank deposits, and prices of commodities, as they stand to-day, compared with 1914. The total amount of currency in circulation held by the public in 1914, i.e., gold, silver, copper coin, and Bank notes, was £128,000,000. To-day the corresponding figure is estimated at £393,000,000, an increase of £265,000,000, or 207 per cent. The estimated amount of currency held by the Banks in 1914 was £75,000,000, and in 1919 £191,000,000, an increase of £116,000,000, or 154 per cent. Before the war, the total deposits of the Banks of the United Kingdom (other than the Bank of England), including under the name deposits money held on current account as well as on deposit account, amounted to £1,070,000,000. The corresponding figure last month was about £2,300,000,000, an increase of £1,230,000,000, or 115 per cent.

The actual spending power of the public is gauged by the total amount of currency in circulation added to the total amount of Bank deposits. In 1914 the public spending power was £1,198,000,000; to-day it is £2,693,000,000, an increase of £1,495,000,000, or 125 per cent.

I turn now to a comparison of the prices of commodities of everyday use or consumption in 1914 and at the present time. If we take 100 to represent the cost of living in 1914, the corresponding figure to-day would be about 225, or an increase of 125 per cent. The spending power of the public and the cost of living show the same percentage increase of 125.

Bank deposits, the Chairman said, are derived from two sources and from two sources only. The first and most obvious source is by payments of currency into a Bank. Anyone who takes notes out of his note-case and pays them into his Bank creates a deposit. The second source from which deposits are derived could not be described with equal simplicity, but after a detailed analysis the Chairman concluded that only Bank loans or advances need be taken into account.

Let us look now at the increase of Bank deposits since 1914 and see to what extent this increase is due respectively to pay-

ments in of additional currency and to Bank loans. In June, 1914, the Banks held £75,000,000 of currency. Last month this figure stood at £191,000,000. The Banks, therefore, held more currency to the amount of £116,000,000, and to this extent the increase in the aggregate of Bank deposits is accounted for by payments in of currency. But it is estimated that since June, 1914, Bank deposits have risen by £1,230,000,000. If £116,000,000 of this amount are accounted for by payments of currency into the Banks, there remain £1,114,000,000, which, if the previous analysis be accepted as correct, we must attribute to Bank loans.

Now that we have cleared so much ground, we must not forget the real object of our search. We are seeking the relation between the increase of Bank deposits, the increase of currency, and high prices; and we have got so far as to see that Bank loans are the main source of the growth of Bank deposits. As an increase of deposits means an addition to our purchasing power, we should expect such an increase to be followed by a rise in prices. But we must guard ourselves here from a generalisation which may be too broad. If money is borrowed by manufacturers and traders for the purpose of the production or movement of commodities, the increase of purchasing power consequent upon the loans is followed in due course by an increase in the amount of commodities available, and the rise in prices which might be expected from a greater demand is corrected by a greater supply. Let us for a moment examine what takes place when a Bank makes loans or advances in the ordinary way of trade. Suppose the case of a loan or advance to a manufacturer who uses the money to pay for raw material or wages, or some other expenses in the course of his business. When the goods are manufactured and sold to the merchant, it is expected that the proceeds of the sale will be used to pay off the Bank loan. The merchant in his turn may have borrowed from his Bank to pay the manufacturer, and there may be a whole series of loans from Banks, each paid off in its turn as the goods pass from their primitive state of raw material to their final destination as finished goods in the hands of the consumer. But when the consumer has paid cash for the goods, all the series of loans will in the ordinary course be liquidated, and there will have been an increase in Bank deposits only so long as the goods were not finally disposed of. In this view of Bank transactions, loans by Banks, and therefore deposits, would only increase in total amount as the total of commodities increased. There would be a greater purchasing power for the time being, but there would also be a greater supply in process of production.

STATE LOANS.

Let me now sum up the case so far as we have gone. We have seen that during the last six years Bank deposits have increased by £1,230,000,000. Of this amount we find that payments of additional currency into the Banks account for £116,000,000. We have seen that any other cause of an increase in deposits except Bank Loans is not large, and we have concluded that Bank Loans have been responsible for an increase of £1,100,000,000 in Bank deposits. We have seen further that if these loans had been made to manufacturers and traders in the ordinary course of their business the increase in deposits, and consequently in purchasing power, would not of itself have caused a permanent rise in prices as the additional deposits would have been followed by an additional supply of commodities. To whom then have these loans been made? It is impossible to give precise figures, but the best estimate I can form is that of the total of £1,100,000,000, £800,000,000, including Treasury Bills, have been lent to the State, and £300,000,000 to trade. The Government, under the overwhelming necessity of war effort, has been the great borrower from the Banks. The loans to the State have led to an immense increase of deposits, and as they have remained outstanding long after the commodities they were raised to pay for have been consumed, they have been an inevitable cause of a rise in prices.

GOVERNMENT BORROWING.

The Chairman next analysed the three forms of Government borrowing—from the public, from the Banks, and from the

Bank of England. He showed that the first leads to an increase of deposits or purchasing power, and that the second leads to an increase of deposits exactly equal to the amount borrowed, but does not increase the amount of Bank cash (including balance held at the Bank of England). He continued :

The third case of Government borrowing which we have to consider is that of borrowing direct from the Bank of England. In that case a credit is given by the Bank of England to the Government, who draw upon it and pay out the amount to contractors. In due course the contractors pay the money they have received into their accounts with their own Banks, and deposits are thereby increased. The Banks now hold more money, which in their turn they pay into their accounts at the Bank of England, and so increase their cash balance. There was no previous withdrawal in this case from Bank balances at the Bank of England, and there is consequently an increase in these balances exactly equal to the amount of the Bank of England's loan to the Government. Here we see both an increase in customers' deposits and an increase in the balances of the Banks at the Bank of England. These balances are the basis upon which the Banks found their advances, and an increase in them will necessarily be followed by additional advances whether to their customers or to the Government with a consequent further increase in deposits. We conclude from this analysis therefore that loans by the Bank of England to the Government have a much greater effect in raising prices than any other form of Government loan, as they not only immediately raise the total of Bank deposits and consequently of spending power by the public, but they also increase the power of the Banks to make further advances which in due course lead to still more deposits and still greater purchasing power.

THE RISE IN PRICES.

Now that we have examined the different methods of Government borrowing and have considered the effect of each in increasing Bank deposits, it remains for us to look at the course of events as they have actually occurred since 1914 in forcing a rise in prices. At the outbreak of war, throughout its course, and right down to the present moment, the Government have been large buyers of commodities, greatly in excess of their normal demands. The first consequence of the immense Government purchases was to stimulate production. Machinery was used to its full capacity ; the number of people employed was greatly increased ; women took the place of men, and there was a very considerable addition to the total national output. But enlarge the output as we would, it could not keep pace with the nation's requirements. Demand outstripped supply, and, just as it happens when a period of comparative trade depression is succeeded by a trade boom, there was a natural rise in prices. At once more currency was needed, partly to pay the wages of the larger number of workpeople employed, partly because with higher prices shopkeepers keep more money in their tills. To the extent that more currency was issued the spending power of the community was increased. But up to this point the increase was not great. A new condition had to be introduced before any considerable rise could take place. There must be not merely an increase in currency, the total of which in any case only represents a small part of the public spending power : but, far more important, there must be a serious addition to Bank deposits. It was not long before this new condition arose. To meet the daily growing expenditure the Government had to borrow freely from the public, from the Banks, and from the Bank of England. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the effects of this borrowing. Bank deposits increased enormously. There was no proportionate increase in the supply of goods, and the usual consequences followed. Prices began to rise rapidly. The rise in prices was next followed by general demands for increased wages. As these now rose the cost of production rose too, and another turn was given to the screw on which prices were steadily mounting. But higher wages and higher prices mean a greater demand for currency. The weekly wages have got to be paid in legal tender money. In the course of the week the bulk of the money paid out in wages comes back through the shops to the Banks, and is paid out by them again to meet the next week's requirements. But as prices and wages rise, not all of it comes

back, and each week a larger amount is retained in the pockets of the people, in the tills of shopkeepers, and in the tills and reserves of the Banks.

We may stop here to ask, is there any stage in this process at which it would have been proper to limit the issue of currency ? The main demand for currency is to meet the weekly wages bill. If wages increase, whether because more workpeople are employed, or because rates are higher, additional currency must be brought each week into circulation. If the supply were cut off, a substitute would have to be found. At the outbreak of war there was not enough legal tender money to satisfy our additional requirements, and at once postal orders and even postage stamps were used to make good the deficiency. If men and women are to be employed, and paid, means of paying them must be found, and an arbitrary limitation of currency would merely inflict intolerable inconvenience upon the public.

Although, as I venture to think, the increase in currency is not the cause of high prices, yet I believe the public have shown a right instinct in fastening upon this increase as a matter for anxiety and even alarm. Though not the rain-storm itself, it is the gauge which measures the rainfall. The figures are easily apprehended, and the weekly records can be readily followed. Those who study them with care see that every advance by the Bank of England to the Government is followed by a fresh issue of currency notes. Once the nation can free itself from the need for these advances, the rise in prices, so far as it is due to an increased demand, will cease, and the currency in circulation will no longer expand. When the advances are paid off prices will tend to go down, and the currency in circulation will diminish.

When we look to the future we naturally ask, shall we ever get back to pre-war prices and pre-war currency and Bank deposits ? If I might hazard an opinion, it would be that prices will remain permanently on a far higher level than in 1914. The rise that has taken place is not local. It is not even European and American. It covers the whole world. The cost of living in Japan has risen quite as much in this country. In India and China, where human wants are much less than with us, and where custom plays a far stronger part in fixing prices, even there the cost of living is much above the pre-war standard. Increased production will bring down prices to a certain extent, but the purchasing power of the world measured in money cannot be materially diminished. Deflation is bound to be very slow. Any attempt, indeed, to bring it about rapidly would cause widespread ruin among manufacturers and traders. The greatest caution will be necessary in handling our financial machinery and many of our pre-war ideas must be modified in view of the fundamental change in our conditions.

A PLEA FOR ECONOMY.

The only condition on which we shall be able to check the rise in prices is that our annual expenditure is brought within the compass of our revenue. In State as in domestic finance we must learn to make both ends meet, and the case is not in the least bettered if we only balance our accounts by selling out capital stock and placing the proceeds to the credit of our revenue account. The expenditure of the Government is tantamount to the consumption of the quantity of commodities which the money would buy, and this must not exceed the amount of commodities the consumption of which the community are compelled to deny themselves by reason of the taxes they have to pay. If it does, we run the risk, as is indeed now the fact, that our consumption may exceed our production. This is not a plea for additional taxation. Far from it. Our existing taxation, which is I believe higher than in any other country in the world, is already dangerously near the point at which thrift, business enterprise, and needful capital development become seriously impaired. But it is a plea for economy in expenditure. It is a plea for such ruthless cutting down or postponement of all financial outlay by the State as will reduce our expenditure to a figure less than our tax revenue, for by this method alone can we hope to restrict the issue of currency, check the rise in prices, restore our foreign exchange, and re-establish London in her old position as the financial centre and free gold market of the world.

The Report was adopted and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

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THE PUBLIC LIBRARY CHARTER

A NEW Public Libraries Bill was introduced into the House of Commons on November 28 last, and, after being amended in the Lords so as to bring certain portions into line with the general law, received the royal assent on December 23. This quick and satisfactory passage is very encouraging after the short shrift accorded to the private Bill brought up time after time before the war. The new Act is not a comprehensive measure, such as was foreshadowed by the Interim Report of the Adult Education Committee, briefly reviewed in *THE ATHENÆUM* of January 2; it is not the mature result of a wide survey of the possibilities of public libraries in a reconstructed society. But it has got rid of the most paralysing obstacle to the welfare and future growth of libraries, and provided for their extension to rural districts under the authority of the county councils. Such an amendment to the Acts of 1892 and 1901 has been long overdue, and the congratulations of every one in favour of widening intellectual culture, and putting science at the service of all the workers, will go out to the Library Association and the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust.

The former has fought a long battle for the removal of the rate-limit of 1d. in the £, which brought the libraries to the verge of bankruptcy; the latter, by financing a number of rural library systems and providing a successful object-lesson, has been the instrument in remedying the chief defect in former legislation. However imperfect, the Act of 1919 is the natural complement to the Education Act of 1918.

By an order of the Ministry of Health, the powers of check and audit relating to public libraries formerly vested in the Local Government Board were last year transferred to the Board of Education. By the new Act, the administration of public libraries may be handed over to Education Committees, and when the Public Libraries Acts are adopted in future these committees must assume control, except the power of

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raising a rate or borrowing money. But the fear agitating many minds that all the public libraries in the country were to be put under the Board of Education and the local Education Committees, and run as a sort of adjunct to the schools, has not been realized. The present library authorities will not be displaced, unless by their own consent. Except in county boroughs, they may relinquish their powers on agreed terms to the county councils; but the option is left to themselves. Inevitably, this will result in many anomalous situations. Some borough and rural districts will be absorbed in county systems, others will stand out. The anomaly would be glaring should any of the metropolitan library authorities elect to resign their duties to the London County Council, whilst the others continue as they are. On the face of it, the provisions of the Act are largely experimental. If large systems of libraries are found after a few years to work better than the detached units, the policy of co-ordination under central authorities will surely be extended.

This was the policy advocated by the Adult Education Committee. Unfortunately, that Committee did not take counsel with those having practical experience of library administration; its report contained bad mistakes and met with severe criticism. It tried to tackle the question whether the authorities should remain separate and independent, or be grouped in districts for purposes of co-operation, or be placed under one central or various regional boards; but, not having studied the problem in the light of expert knowledge of ways and means, it was unable to provide a convincing answer. Many think that it is time we had a national library system instead of a vast number of individual libraries and groups of borough libraries. In the larger cities, all except London, in cities where these groups form considerable systems in themselves, and where, now that the rate-limit is gone, there should be no lack of resources, the evils of individualism will not be so evident. But detached libraries of moderate size can never provide for the multifarious wants of modern

readers without some regular method of interchanging books and other kinds of co-operation. The Adult Education Committee showed particular anxiety to help the workers by establishing a complex series of industrial libraries, with a central collection and a clearing-house to supplement the local supplies. They actually proposed to set up these industrial libraries side by side with the existing public libraries. Such an idea was rightly condemned as uneconomic and wasteful. The right way, of course, is to organize and strengthen the present libraries for the purpose. And it is not the industrial workers alone who find the present library service inadequate. The needs of general students, scientific and literary workers, and all readers who require access to very large collections of books, are equally urgent. The alternative for the library of moderate means is to spend extravagant sums, if it would place its readers on the same level of advantages as they enjoy in a big town with an efficient system, or join with others in pooling resources, providing a central circulating stock, and running a complete system of interchange. Can this machinery be contrived by voluntary combination, or must it be set up by Parliamentary enactment?

Concerted action is very difficult to bring about except by authority, and should it be decided to organize the libraries of the country into a co-ordinated system there is only one Government department into whose hands the work could be committed, the Board of Education. Those who now oppose all schemes of centralization under the Board of Education or the London County Council express the fear that the libraries would tend to become stereotyped institutions like the elementary schools, and that all individuality would be crushed out by the machine. A certain moderate standard of efficiency would, they admit, be attained, but after that all development would be stifled. The objection alleged to putting the libraries under Education Committees is that they would become mere sideshows to the schools. These apprehensions are probably exaggerated. The problems of elementary education are the same everywhere, and the methods of carrying it on are fairly uniform. Libraries, on the other hand, have to satisfy all sorts of needs, and the needs and tastes of the different localities will never fail to be expressed. If there is ever to be centralization under a supreme authority, it can and must be harmonized with local control: each library must respond to local needs, and be an expression of the local mind. Given the co-ordinating authority, why should not the local authority go so far even as to admit representatives elected by the actual readers—which is rarely the case now? And, after all, library authorities, under any scheme, will be elected by the same people as elect the education authorities—they will usually indeed be the same persons.

But, whatever the next stage is to be, our public libraries are now put on their mettle. They have done well, most of them, under cruel disadvantages; they have now, at their own request, been relieved of the most grievous, though not all of their burdens; and it is now for them to prove their indispensability in the mighty tasks ahead, and give a lead for the next step in their own reconstruction.

ERNEST A. BAKER.

THE NEW EL GRECO AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

MR. HOLMES has risked a good deal in acquiring for the nation the new El Greco. The foresight and understanding necessary to bring off such a *coup* are not the qualities that we expect from a Director of the National Gallery. Patriotic people may even be inclined to think that the whole proceeding smacks too much of the manner in which Dr. Bode in past ages built up the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, largely at the expense of English collections. Even before the acquisition of the El Greco there were signs that Mr. Holmes did not fully understand the importance of "muddling through." And now with the El Greco he has given the British public an electric shock. People gather in crowds in front of it, they argue and discuss and lose their tempers. This might be intelligible enough if the price were known to be fabulous, but, so far as I am aware, the price has not been made known, so that it is really about the picture that people get excited. And what is more, they talk about it as they might talk of some contemporary picture, a thing about which they have a right to feel delighted or infuriated as the case may be—it is not like most old pictures, a thing classified and museumified, set altogether apart from life, an object for vague and listless reverence, but an actual living thing, expressing something with which one has got either to agree or disagree. Even if it should not be the superb masterpiece which most of us think it is, almost any sum would have been well spent on a picture capable of provoking such fierce æsthetic interest in the crowd.

That the artists are excited—never more so—is no wonder, for here is an old master who is not merely modern, but actually appears a good many steps ahead of us, turning back to show us the way. Immortality if you like! But the public—what is it that makes them "sit up" so surprisingly one wonders. What makes this El Greco "count" with them as surely no Old Master ever did within memory? First, I expect, the extraordinary completeness of its realization. Even the most casual spectator, passing among pictures which retire discreetly behind their canvases, must be struck by the violent attack of these forms, by a relief so outstanding that by comparison the actual scene, the gallery and one's neighbours are reduced to the clef of a Whistlerian Nocturne. Partly, for we must face the fact, the melodramatic apparatus: the horrid rocks, the veiled moon, the ecstatic gestures. Not even the cinema star can push expression further than this. Partly, no doubt, the clarity and the balanced rhythm of the design, the assurance and grace of the handling; for, however little people may be conscious of it, formal qualities do affect their reaction to a picture, though they may pass from them almost immediately to its other implications. And certainly here, if anywhere, formal considerations must obtrude themselves even on the most unobservant. The extraordinary emphasis and amplitude of the rhythm, which thus gathers up into a few sweeping diagonals the whole complex of the vision, is directly exciting and stimulating. It affects one like an irresistible melody,

and makes that organization of all the parts into a single whole, which is generally so difficult for the uninitiated, an easy matter for once. El Greco, indeed, puts the problem of form and content in a curious way. The artist, whose concern is ultimately and, I believe, exclusively with form, will no doubt be so carried away by the intensity and completeness of the design that he will never even notice the melodramatic and sentimental content which shocks or delights the ordinary man. It is none the less an interesting question, though it is rather one of artists' psychology than of aesthetics, to inquire in what way these two things, the melodramatic expression of a high-pitched religiosity and a peculiarly intense feeling for plastic unity and rhythmic amplitude, were combined in El Greco's work; even to ask whether there can have been any causal connection between them in the workings of El Greco's spirit.

Strange and extravagantly individual as El Greco seems, he was not really an isolated figure, a miraculous and monstrous apparition thrust into the even current of artistic movement. He really takes his place alongside of Bernini as the greatest exponent of the Baroque idea in figurative art. And the Baroque idea goes back to Michelangelo. Formally, its essence both in art and architecture was the utmost possible enlargement of the unit of design. One can see this most easily in architecture. To Bramante the façade of a palace was made of a series of storeys, each with its pilasters and windows related proportionally to one another, but each a co-ordinate unit of design. To the Baroque architect a façade was a single storey with pilasters going the whole height, and only divided, as it were, by an afterthought into subordinate groups corresponding to the separate storeys. When it came to sculpture and painting, the same tendency expressed itself by the discovery of such movements as would make the parts of the body, the head, trunk, limbs, merely so many subordinate divisions of a single unit. Now to do this implied extremely emphatic and marked poses, though not necessarily violent in the sense of displaying great muscular strain. Such poses correspond as expression to marked and excessive mental states, to conditions of ecstasy, or agony, or intense contemplation. But even more than to any actual poses resulting from such states, they correspond to a certain accepted and partly conventional language of gesture. They are what we may call rhetorical poses, in that they are not so much the result of the emotions as of the desire to express these emotions to the onlooker.

When the figure is draped the Baroque idea becomes particularly evident. The artists seek voluminous and massive garments which under the stress of an emphatic pose take heavy folds passing in a single diagonal sweep from top to bottom of the whole figure. In the figure of Christ in the National Gallery picture El Greco has established such a diagonal, and has so arranged the light and shade that he gets a double repetition of the same general direction, in the sleeve and the drapery of the thigh.

Bernini was a consummate master of this method of amplifying the unit, but having once set up the great wave of rhythm which held the figure in a single sweep, he was able to gratify his florid taste by allowing

endless embroidery in the subordinate divisions, feeling secure that no amount of exuberance would destroy the firmly established scaffolding of his design.

Though the psychology of both these great rhetoricians is infinitely remote from us, we tolerate more easily the gloomy and terrible extravagance of El Greco's melodrama than the radiant effusiveness and amiability of Bernini's operas.

But there is another cause which accounts for the profound difference of our feeling to these two artists. Bernini undoubtedly had a great sense of design, but he was also a prodigious artistic acrobat, capable of feats of dizzying audacity, and unfortunately he loved popularity and the success which came to him so inevitably. He was not fine enough in grain to distinguish between his great imaginative gifts and the superficial virtuosity which made the crowd, including his Popes, gape with astonishment. Consequently he expressed great inventions in a horribly impure technical language. El Greco, on the other hand, had the good fortune to be almost entirely out of touch with the public—one picture painted for the king was sufficient to put him out of court for the rest of his life. And in any case he was a singularly pure artist, he expressed his idea with perfect sincerity, with complete indifference to what effect the right expression might have on the public. At no point is there the slightest compromise with the world; the only issue for him is between him and his idea. Nowhere is a violent form softened, nowhere is the expressive quality of brushwork blurred in order to give verisimilitude of texture; no harshness of accent is shirked, no crudity of colour opposition avoided, wherever El Greco felt such things to be necessary to the realization of his idea. It is this magnificent courage and purity, this total indifference to the expectations of the public, that bring him so near to us to-day, when more than ever the artist regards himself as working for ends unguessed at by the mass of his contemporaries. It is this also which accounts for the fact that while nearly everyone shudders involuntarily at Bernini's sentimental sugariness, very few artists of to-day have ever realized for a moment how unsympathetic to them is the literary content of an El Greco. They simply fail to notice what his pictures are about in the illustrative sense.

But to return to the nature of Baroque art. The old question here turns up: Did the dog wag his tail because he was pleased or was he pleased because his tail wagged? Did the Baroque artists choose ecstatic subjects because they were excited about a certain kind of rhythm, or did they elaborate the rhythm to express a feeling for extreme emotional states? There is yet another fact which complicates the matter. Baroque art corresponds well enough in time with the Catholic reaction and the rise of Jesuitism, with a religious movement which tended to dwell particularly on these extreme emotional states, and, in fact, the Baroque artists worked in entire harmony with the religious leaders.

This would look as though religion had inspired the artists with a passion for certain themes, and the need to express these had created Baroque art.

I doubt if it was as simple as that. Some action and reaction between the religious ideas of the time

and the artists' conception there may have been, but I think the artists would have elaborated the Baroque idea without this external pressure. For one thing, the idea goes back behind Michelangelo to Signorelli, and in his case, at least, one can see no trace of any preoccupation with those psychological states, but rather a pure passion for a particular kind of rhythmic design. Moreover, the general principle of the continued enlargement of the unit of design was bound to occur the moment artists recovered from the debauch of naturalism of the fifteenth century and became conscious again of the demands of abstract design.

In trying thus to place El Greco's art in perspective, I do not in the least disparage his astonishing individual force. That he had to an extreme degree the quality we call genius is obvious, but he was neither so miraculous nor so isolated as we often suppose.

The exuberance and abandonment of Baroque art were natural expressions both of the Italian and Spanish natures, but they were foreign to the intellectual severity of the French genius, and it was from France, and in the person of Poussin, that the counterblast came. He, indeed, could tolerate no such rapid simplification of design. He imposed on himself endless scruples and compunctions, making artistic unity the reward of a long process of selection and discovery. His art became difficult and esoteric. People wonder sometimes at the diversity of modern art, but it is impossible to conceive a sharper opposition than that between Poussin, and the Baroque. It is curious, therefore, that modern artists should be able to look back with almost equal reverence to Poussin and to El Greco. In part, this is due to Cézanne's influence, for, from one point of view, his art may be regarded as a synthesis of these two apparently adverse conceptions of design. For Cézanne consciously studied both, taking from Poussin his discretion and the subtlety of his rhythm, and from El Greco his great discovery of the permeation of every part of the design with a uniform and continuous plastic theme. The likeness is indeed sometimes startling. One of the greatest critics of our time, von Tschudi—of Swiss origin, I hasten to add, and an enemy of the Kaiser—was showing me El Greco's "Laocoon," which he had just bought for Munich, when he whispered to me, as being too dangerous a doctrine to be spoken aloud even in his private room, "Do you know why we admire El Greco's handling so much? Because it reminds us of Cézanne."

No wonder, then, that for the artist of to-day the new El Greco is of capital importance. For it shows us the master at the height of his powers, at last perfectly aware of his personal conception and daring to give it the completest, most uncompromising expression. That the picture is in a marvellous state of preservation and has been admirably cleaned adds greatly to its value. Dirty yellow varnish no longer interposes here its hallowing influence between the spectator and the artist's original creation. Since the eye can follow every stroke of the brush, the mind can recover the artist's gesture and almost the movements of his mind. For never was work more perfectly transparent to the idea, never was an artist's intention more deliberately and precisely recorded.

ROGER FRY.

REVIEWS

FLOWERS, REVIEWS, AND REMINISCENCES

SPRINGTIME; AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Sir Francis Darwin. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS volume is, like the author's "Rustic Sounds," an olio or mixed collation, in which science, music, literary biography and personal reminiscences all figure. Sir Francis writes with an ease and taste which justify reproduction—several of his papers have appeared before—and his discourses are always pleasant, though he makes no claim to be authoritative. His reviews of scientific memoirs, especially when they are too bulky for the average reader, are of decided value. He is, of course, at home in his botanical studies, and his observations of the first appearance of flowers are noteworthy, since there is often a considerable discrepancy between earlier records and those of recent observers. In considering the "Naturalist's Calendar" of Blomefield it would have been well to state that it belongs to the nineteenth century. When we get back to Shakespeare and Gerarde, we have to allow for the reform of the calendar in the middle of the eighteenth century and the eleven days for which the public clamoured.

The world should share the author's gratitude for the few blossoms that make an early appearance, such as the primrose, crocus, dandelion, coltsfoot, periwinkle, and white dead-nettle of February and March. We should add to the list the winter aconites which Edward Fitzgerald loved and called by the name of "New Year Gifts." The white nettle, indeed, is, like the Herb Robert, to be seen flowering in every month of our sudden and treacherous climate. The order in which flowers appear and the reasons for it are further discussed in another interesting paper.

Flower names is a good subject on which the average man is apt to be ignorant, local variants and the differences between the learned and the simple, as in *Syringa*, adding to the confusion. The student of language may ask how it comes about that some flowers familiar everywhere have only Latin names. It looks as if they were regarded rather as sources of medicine for the learned than as pleasures for the ordinary person. To the man of letters the poetical name is always attractive, and it will not lose its savour when, if ever, it is discovered to be due to linguistic corruption. "Asphodel" and the "daffodil" made out of it are both beautiful words. But some old words are ugly, as Shakespeare's "canker" for the dog-rose, which we have heard in Buckinghamshire in the twentieth century. The cuckoo-flowers, which are Shakespeare's "lady's-smocks all silver white," hardly seem, as Sir Francis suggests, to justify the description; but we cannot take to our hearts Alfred Austin's possibly more accurate

Mauver still and mauver,
Now the winter days are over.

The "cuckoo-flowers" which Lear wore with other cornfield weeds must be a different plant, and illustrate the difficulties of nomenclature. The pretty reference to the pansy in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which is a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, ends:

And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.

Sir Francis comments on this passage:

The name Love-in-Idleness should be Love-in-idle, if the metre could have allowed it. This means love-in-vain: witness the Anglo-Saxon bible, where occurs the phrase to take God's name "in idle."

This suggests that the real name of the plant is "Love-in-idle," whereas Parkinson (1619) says of the pansy that "some give it foolish names, as Love in idleness, Cull mee to you, and Three faces in a hood." An odd circumstance which Sir Francis does not mention is the immense gap in English literature when we come to examine the familiar Forget-me-not (*Myosotis*). It is not in Shakespeare, nor anywhere where we have sought it. It may be a comparatively modern piece of sentimentalism introduced from Germany. Prior's "Popular Names of British Plants" is still, we believe, the main authority; but it is out of date in philology, and not always adequate in detail. We wish that Sir Francis would revise it, showing, for instance, that the harebell in Shakespeare's time and for some time after was the wild hyacinth, which seems a bad mistake to-day.

"The Names of Characters in Fiction" is another attractive theme. Here Sir Francis shows taste and judgment, but he has not carried his researches or comparisons far, nor has he formulated any rule out of his examples. Novelists have in this matter improved on the crude practice of their predecessors. We quite agree that an initial letter with a dash is not satisfactory: it does not suggest a personality or a real place. We feel that, when by a malicious stroke of the pen Fielding turned the Mr. B. of "Pamela" into Mr. Booby, he was taking a fair chance. Lytton was the latest novelist of repute, we think, to write about the little town of L—. Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, all indulged more or less in names directly suggesting a calling, habit, or detail of personal appearance. Lytton, angry enough to write of the *Asinaum*, even put jokes in italics for fear the public might miss them. Throughout the nineteenth century this direct labelling was on the decrease, and now only professional humorists (who must be always amusing), writers for the pantomimes, and other authors who aim at getting, without any subtlety, straight to the heart of the great public, indulge in such "funniosities" as "the little town of Sloppington-on-Sloshy." Thackeray could be feeble in this way. In "The Newcomes," chap. ix., Miss Honeyman, eager for news of Brighton lodgings, was told by her servant

how the family who had taken Mrs. Bugsby's had left as usual after the very first night, the poor little infant blistered all over with bites on its dear little face.

Dickens could be as bad, teasing us with facetious and impossible names; but his case has been considered in full detail by the indefatigable American thesis-writer, whose collections are, as usual, more valuable than the conclusions reached. Dickens and Thackeray coincide once or twice, e.g., there is a Clemency Newcome in "The Battle of Life." Apart from neutral names which mean nothing in particular, the best, we think, are those which at first sight appear to be neutral, yet yield up their sense to a little ingenuity on the reader's part. Such are the luxurious Percy Sibwright of "Pendennis," and the Scadder of "Martin Chuzzlewit," the land or bog agent who sent confiding men to Eden. He suggests at once the scorpion and the adder. An excellent example of this sort of name is Willoughby Patterne; but Meredith, markedly influenced by Dickens, could also produce a feeble punning name like Mr. Tonans. His later epigrammatists, it has been unkindly suggested, rightly bear impossible names. A good name is a great help, but, when you have invented it, someone may come forward and accuse you of libelling him. It is disappointing, when you have taken considerable pains to evolve a suitable name for a Professor, to find it already occupied by a gentleman of that standing.

The author's reminiscences of his earlier days are homely and pleasant; we cannot help feeling that the

Darwins were a delightful as well as a distinguished family and lost nothing by missing the discipline sterner Victorian parents would have applied. Further biographical studies concern Thomas Hearne, a stout old Jacobite with whom, as with Boswell, spite added to style; Sydney Smith, and Dickens. From the "Memoir" of Sydney Smith phrases have been skilfully selected, though we miss his remark a few months before his death, "I verily believe that, if the knife were put into my hand, I should not have strength or energy enough to stick it into a Dissenter." The plums of the "Memoir," we may add, are mixed up with a good deal of suet, and Smith's conceited friend Jeffrey is not now rated high as a critic.

Sir Francis gives a sympathetic account of Dickens, but does not elaborate his character. The key to his disposition, as THE ATHENÆUM has said before, is that he was, or could have been, a great actor. His delight in the stage is extraordinary, and he signs his cheques with more flourishes under his name than most authors find necessary. He was also a bourgeois who thought it well to add to a competent fortune by public readings at the expense of his health. Beginning by hypnotizing his vast public, he ended by being hypnotized by it, and making concessions, as at the end of "Great Expectations," which were a betrayal of true art. He had an unpleasant habit of satirizing his friends and nearest relations. That Shakespeare did the same, making his father into Polonius, is, we gather, suggested by Sir Walter Raleigh; but this charge is pure conjecture, not a happy guess, not the way of great art.

V. R.

A SUNSET

Over against the triumph and the close. . .
 Amber and green and rose. . .
 Of this short day,
 The pale ghost of the moon grows living-bright
 Once more, as the last light
 Ebbs slowly away.
 Darkening the fringes of these western glories,
 The black phantasmagories
 Of cloud advance
 With noiseless motion. . . vague and villainous shapes,
 Wrapped in their ragged fustian capes,
 Of some grotesque romance.
 But overhead where, like a pool between
 Dark rocks, the sky is green
 And clear and deep,
 Floats windlessly a cloud, with curving breast
 Flushed by the fiery west,
 In god-like sleep. . .
 And in my mind opens a sudden door
 That lets me see once more
 A little room
 With night beyond the window, chill, and damp,
 And one green-lighted lamp
 Tempering the gloom,
 While here within, close to me, touching me
 (Even the memory
 Of my desire
 Shakes me like fear), you sit with scattered hair;
 And all your body bare
 Before the fire
 Is lapped about with rosy flame. . . But still,
 Here on the lonely hill,
 I walk alone.
 Silvery green is the moon's lamp overhead,
 The cloud sleeps warm and red,
 And you are gone.

ALDOUS HUXLEY.

MORE CRINOLINES

VICTORIAN RECOLLECTIONS. By John A. Bridges. (Bell. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE MANNERS OF MY TIME. By C. L. H. Dempster. (Grant Richards. 10s. 6d. net.)

MEMORIES OF AN OLD ETONIAN. By George Greville. (Hutchinson. 16s. net.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF LADY GEORGIANA PEEL. Compiled by Ethel Peel. (Lane. 16s. net.)

FAME AND FAILURE. By Julian Ellis. (Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. J. A. BRIDGES, the author of "Victorian Recollections," is annoyed because (so he says) it has "become the fashion for writers in the Press and elsewhere to allude to what they term the Victorian Era in terms of acute disparagement, as if all the happenings of that prolonged reign were utterly futile and absurd." Herman Merivale, himself an eminent Victorian, tells an anecdote about the box-keeper of the Princess's Theatre in the sixties which may console Mr. Bridges and those who feel as he does. This expert, when asked his opinion on the relative merits of the rival Hamlets, Charles Kean and Fechter, replied: "Mr. Kean was great. But with 'im 'Amlet' was a tragedy, with Mr. Fechter it's quite another thing. He has raised it to a mellerdrum." Mr. Bridges will appreciate the point.

After all, the writer at whom he is biting his thumb has made Victorianism amusing, and is that not worth a temporary blow to its dignity? It will probably be with the Victorian era in general as it has been with the crinoline in particular. When it was just taken off, it was buried like the skeleton of a crime. When Pinero revived it, apologetically, in "Trelawny of the Wells" in 1898, the audience tittered. A dozen years later the Russian Ballet produced "Carnaval," and the crinolines conquered. As soon as they ceased to be solemn they were found to be fascinating, and have become quite a vogue on hoardings and magazine covers. Yet Mr. Bridges makes this confounding admission: "I grant that the crinoline was absurd." For shame! Will he be throwing up his brief so early in the case?

If we are searching for the quintessence of Victorianism, we should go to its truest chronicler, Disraeli. Readers of "Lothair" will all remember Mr. Phœbus' garden party:

The flower garden was bright and curious, and on the lawn was a tent of many colours, designed by himself, and which might have suited some splendid field of chivalry. Upon gilt and painted perches there were also paroquets and macaws.

Such was the age: lavish, romantic, exotic, and usually more than a trifle vulgar. "The flower garden was bright and curious," as always when a new world has broken in upon an old one, and is jostling the relics it has not yet driven from the scene. When a revolution is accomplishing itself without too much violence there is always a curious double process observable, which resembles protective mimicry in nature. The new order lodges awhile in the shell of the old, the old adopts the fashions of the new, in the hope of preserving the substance of threatened privileges. Hence an incongruity, as of a *bal travesti*, that makes these epochs the picturesque moments of history. The reign of Victoria shows such a masked transition. The aristocracy, whose rule is no longer accepted as part of the order of nature, are meditating their chances in a fresh rôle, and picturing themselves as tribunes of the people. The Church, no longer divine because established, has a dream of starting afresh by winning the masses. Where such searching of hearts is honest the lofty moments in the past of an institution are transfigured with prophetic significance. The lord remembers an aristocracy of service; in his soul, if not on his lawn, there is "a tent of many colours designed by himself, and which might have suited some splendid

field of chivalry." The ecclesiastic peers back into the Middle Ages, and discerns a Church that was the friend of the poor. Breaking out on the surface, these tendencies appear as "Young England" and Tractarianism. Their secret is to their initiates; to the onlooker they are just an added note of fantasy on a stage already tumultuously varied. The railroad has come, but the periwigged coachman remains. The Bishop is doffing his wig as an obsolete trammel, but the Puseyite parson is fitting on his chasuble. The nobles are starting to dress like the *bourgeoisie*, but the *bourgeoisie* are housing themselves like the peerage.

Crudity of taste, naïveté of outlook are the marks of such periods of confusion. Surfeited with new dishes, new discoveries, the educated palate is over-stimulated; it loses the faculty of discrimination. Meanwhile those social classes are rowding to the feast who lack all training in delicate discernment. But crudity after all means youthful vigour, and naïveté is almost the condition of enterprise. "Every ambition," says Mozley of the decade in which Victoria mounted the throne, "found its stimulus in the doctrine that everything was wrong, yet capable of being effectually and almost instantly righted." Clear-sightedness is a sorry check on such fervours. What man would make a career who could gauge its value? The Victorian age is pre-eminent in careers, precisely because of its mental simplicity. Disraeli, the Mephistopheles of the era, was as simply seduced by the glamour of its tinsel as schoolboys used to be by its glittering pantomimes. In what age, pray, but the Victorian could such a man have been proud to be Prime Minister? There was nothing then that was not wonderfully worth while. Open a volume of Leech's drawings: what a strong and jubilant wind blows through the pages! Note the flashing Amazonian cavalcades, with how conscious a glory the plumes and skirts take the breeze. Every ball is Cinderella's ball for these young ladies. What majesty, too, in the languor of the "swell"! How studied the whiskers, the peg-tops and the drawl! He cares for nothing—and would weep with rage if you doubted it. But the life of the middle class, you think, was flat and prosaic. Then study the epic of little Mr. Briggs. He finds a crack in his ceiling that needs repairing, and cannot stop short without adding a wing to his house. From the blowy scaffolding he directs the operations with the zest of Napoleon laying out a battle. His doctor advises a little horse-exercise, and forthwith he must purchase a stud and ride steeplechases. He bounces resilient from the soil to seek fresh adventures. Where will this *joie de vivre* stop? the artist inquires a trifle anxiously. There is the servant-gal announcing that she must call on her milliner! There is the dustman inquiring of his mate: "Is it the kerrect thing to take one's 'at into a hevening party?" This England, we know, was no paradise for the dustman and his fellows, but there must have been something buoyant in the atmosphere to justify such strokes of satire as these. Even the omnibus conductor seems to waltz with the passengers, and shout out "All the way to El Dorado!"

But here we are rambling on about John Leech and similar trivialities, and we have not tabulated the country houses which Miss Dempster visited, nor noted that before Archie Peel proposed to Georgiana Russell in the billiard-room at Strawberry Hill he (characteristically!) took care to ascertain that it was empty, nor even narrated how Queen Victoria, as Mr. Greville learned from his mother, took occasion to remark: "Oh! the chops are not bad." The truth is we are horribly afraid of these books; Mr. Bridges himself perturbs us as much as the others. Was Victorian life, after all we have said, just a stretch of dullness to those who experienced it? In despair we flutter the leaves of our volumes again, and

at last (in Georgiana) turn up something typical. When the Crimean War expired, the Queen in person, "wearing a scarlet habit with a gold sash across the bodice," distributed the first Victoria Crosses.

The horse she rode, which was of a pale cream colour, did not at all seem to share in the general feeling of elation; it maintained a conspicuously null demeanour, at which one could hardly wonder, when the whisper went round, originating from an authenticated quarter, that it had been drugged.

This spicing of humbug was essential to Victorianism; it replaced the powder and patches of the last century. But humbug is a dangerous mode to encourage, and certain of Mr. Ellis' sketches show why. To his collection of horrors, drawn with vigorous sensationalism, the Victorian epoch contributes such figures as Edwin James, Q.C. and criminal, William Roupell, the soft-hearted forger, and Sadleir (surely the Merdle of "Little Dorrit" ?), a bubble financier who ruined hundreds of families. Both these last were respected Members of Parliament, men of the best social *ton*, and like Uriah Heep most edifying when found out. Cruel beaks and gorgeous plumage, it is all in the picture. "Upon gilt and painted perches there were also paroquets and macaws."

AMBITION

THE EXPANSION OF EUROPE (1415-1789): A HISTORY OF THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE MODERN WORLD. By W. C. Abbott. 2 vols. (Bell. 30s. net.)

THIS rather ambitious work, "in effect, a new synthesis of modern history," forms part of the "American Historical Series," a series of text-books intended to be comprehensive, systematic, and authoritative. The critic of these volumes has thus a double task before him: he has not only to estimate the amount and value of the author's contribution to the science of history, he has to pronounce on its validity as a text-book for advanced students, American and otherwise.

American scientific text-books have gained a firm foothold in this country, and justly so; they satisfy the three criteria enumerated above. We cannot feel that their historical works are likely to take the same place in our schools. The atmosphere in which they are written, the state of mind which they assume in their reader, the very connotations of the words they use, differ *toto calo* from ours in Europe. That which is a remote past for America is a familiar yesterday here, while English ignorance of all but a few episodes of American history has only ceased to be ludicrous by becoming a public danger. Thus historical text-books, the better they are suited to transatlantic use, are the more unfitted for exportation. As a handbook for English students, Professor Abbott's work can only be used with caution; his surveys of mediæval and Renaissance scientific progress are too wide to admit of accuracy of detail, his views of the foreign politics of sixteenth-century Europe are hardly modern enough even to be called conventional, and his knowledge of the economics of the growth of modern capitalism is negligible.

On the other hand, Professor Abbott has got hold of a first-class idea in his attempt to show the reaction of extra-European activities on the various nations of Europe. Any history is merely a selection of facts presented in a more or less systematic way, and this selection implies a more or less conscious tendency. Its survey from the religious point of view is, on the whole, the best worked-out up to the present; Europe is regarded as the battlefield between two opposing creeds and habits of thought, which alternately prevail until a third equally opposed to both comes into prominence and puts their conflict into the background. Another equally well-worked line of inquiry is that of the rise of the middle class into power—

the beloved "Constitutional History" of our fathers and grandfathers. But there are many other standpoints which have not yet been occupied. The history of Europe as influenced by economical causes is almost untreated; the shifting of trade routes, the opening of new and closing of old trade markets, the supply of the precious metals and the shifting values of their ratio, the problem of exchange—all these have had an enormous effect on the political development of the Continent. Then, again, the change of national character produced by the growth of the mendicant orders and enforced celibacy on the one side, and by emigration on the other, offers a tempting outlook on history. There can be no doubt that the characteristics of the Italian people have been materially altered by the constant withdrawal from its potential parents of all exhibiting generous, romantic, or self-denying instincts, from the early part of the thirteenth century. The fifteenth-century Italy must have had these characteristics pretty thoroughly removed from its stock. In Protestant countries, and more especially in England, a similar process took place by emigration—a removal of the more vigorous and enterprising of the middle class, partly conditioned by religious fanaticism, succeeded in the last century by a continuous straining out of all the best elements of the agricultural and labouring workers, which has left us in some districts a local population reverting to the Neolithic type.

We have read through Professor Abbott's book carefully, and gladly acknowledge that in many respects it is a very useful supplement to any of the manuals at present in use among students. We have already indicated its chief value, the fuller sense it gives us of the reaction of America and India on the foreign policies of France, England and Spain. This is admirable, and would have made a book of itself, if treated fully. But the impression that the history has left on us as a whole is that of formlessness. Professor Abbott has attempted a task which appears to have been beyond his power, at any rate at present; in the words of Cicero, he has bitten off more than he could chew. Before there can be a synthesis there must be a synesis. The sort of general view which consists in not being accurate about individual facts does not fall under this head. We open the book at random, and find a statement that "French legal primacy had been an acknowledged fact" from the days of Alciati's settling in France.

And it was hardly before the middle of the seventeenth century that this tradition begins to disappear. Among the early evidences of its decline had been the work of Pufendorf and the beginning of the publication of those English law reports which presently swelled to such proportions and such importance.

English law reports were being printed before 1490, while Alciati was born in 1496! This case is only typical of hundreds of similar inaccuracies, which irritate the man who knows, and mislead the student who wants to learn. Generalities can hardly be more trustworthy than the statements on which they are founded, and if these are so loosely made as to be incapable of verification, a generalization from them is of little value.

A good deal of thought has evidently been devoted to the illustration of these volumes. They are handsomely printed, and while the originals of the illustrations are in most cases themselves reproductions, they must have a value to students unaccustomed to the richer variety of the best English illustrated histories. We feel sure that if Professor Abbott will in his next volume clearly define the points he wishes to make, and make sure of his facts, however unimportant, before he uses them, he will produce a work of permanent value. No one can "infuse a sense of unity into the narrative of European activities" (a most awkward phrase): that sense must be in the narrator's mind.

R. S.

PREHISTORIC MAN IN THE TRENCHES

THE ANCIENT ENTRENCHMENTS AND CAMPS OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.
By Edward J. Burrow. (Cheltenham and London, E. J. Burrow & Co. 21s.)

IN these sad days, when printing is expensive, and book-lovers mostly belong to an impoverished class of the community, it is satisfactory to find that a beautiful book may still occasionally be produced. Mr. Burrow is at once the author and the publisher of what may be termed a pictorial survey of the earthworks of Gloucestershire; and we hope that he will not regard it as a slight upon his archaeology if we praise him first and foremost as an artist. His sketches are not mere schematic representations designed for the student of ancient monuments as such, but little lyrics in black and white that must help every Englishman to appreciate the beauties of his native land. We gather that this labour of love extended over some three years, the complementary problem of the extent of space to be covered being solved by the use of a motor-car. Doubtless, led on by so seductive a guide-book, the fortunate possessors of similar motor-cars will travel up and down the county to view what the unassisted eye might in many cases altogether miss; for the plough tends to efface, while tree-planting, though in a way it helps to preserve, at any rate is apt to deform and conceal, the immemorial outline of mound and ditch. Let us hope that among these luxurious pilgrims a few trained archaeologists may be included; though, to be candid, we do not recognize the names of many such experts in the published list of subscribers. Be this as it may, it is up to the county, now that it stands thus openly convicted of possessing a vast number of prehistoric sites that almost without exception remain wholly unexplored, to take its local archaeology seriously, and not leave excavation to the rabbits. We cannot all, perhaps, carry out investigations on the royal scale of a Pitt-Rivers; whose work, by the way, was largely concerned with a neighbouring region, and at Wandsdyke it lay just across the border. But, given sufficient experience in the methods of careful digging, good results may be obtained without great expenditure of time or money. To leave the vallum alone and search along the bottom—only it must really be the bottom—of the fosse is a safe working rule for those who must economize effort. Again, if there is any sign of one line of earthworks crossing another, it always pays to dig at the nodal point. Meanwhile, so long as the field-worker takes full notes concerning the relative positions of everything he finds, he need not himself be competent to determine their significance, more especially as bearing on the question of date. Here, then, is a pleasant and useful task awaiting Gloucestershire men of intelligence and leisure. Perhaps the University of Bristol, which, we note, is purchasing this book for its library, will take a leading hand in the game.

Mr. Burrow prefixes to his graphic record of sites an introduction intended to give the reader some idea of the successive peoples that have occupied the land, and incidentally to impart to him a sense of the glamour of the prehistoric such as he obviously feels himself in no small degree. The archaeologist will not be hard on him for dealing somewhat sketchily with the intricate theme of the race-history of Britain. Indeed, until the Gloucestershire sites are properly explored, there can be no chance of getting beyond generalities. But a local survey carried out in a scientific spirit and with the various aids supplied by an all-round anthropological training can illuminate the dim past as with a searchlight. For untold generations the Gloucestershire men from the rampart of the Cotswolds

have gazed across the Severn flats at the hills of the Silures, determined not to be bested by that pertinacious people. But they must look to their laurels now, seeing that the Silures have taken to anthropologizing about themselves to some purpose. Witness the elaborate study of racial types in Wales by Messrs. H. J. Fleure and T. C. James that appeared in the *Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute* for 1916. Here it is attempted—in a speculative spirit, no doubt, but with a due regard for the control of fact—to determine the geographical conditions which must have governed the gradual opening-up of the country, such as the avenues of approach, the commanding situations, the good lands accessible to this or that kind of exploitation, the bad lands, whether bad relatively to those who did not know how to improve them, or absolutely so that only the outcast might cherish them as a hiding-place. In this way we can form a tolerably accurate notion how, when wave after wave of population broke upon the Welsh hills, the waters would mingle in the open channels, but in nooks and crannies a single wave might leave behind it a little stagnant pool, consisting in some peculiar people whose inbred features perpetuate an otherwise vanished race.

Now the high parts of Gloucestershire ought to prove a first-rate hunting ground for anthropological types, and doubtless the long-headed Mediterranean man of the Neolithic immigration, the broad-skulled Alpine of the Bronze Age, and the medium-headed Nordic or Alpino-Nordic of the Iron Age (the last a form less easy to isolate) exist side by side in the Cotswolds to this day—not to speak of later races. But how make racial stocks, even when thus broadly associated with cultures, responsible for particular constructions in the way of earthworks? Only the spade can reveal the required evidence. At most in a few cases the eye can detect by its shape a Norman moat, or the more regular kind of Roman camp. In many cases, too, we must suppose that the same stronghold has served the needs of many peoples in turn. The Palæolithic hunter, we may assume, had no need for earthworks at all; nor probably had Neolithic man until near the end of the Stone Age, when he was well embarked on the pastoral and agricultural life. In Late Neolithic times, however, population was relatively dense, it would seem, and moreover was mainly confined to open parts of the country, such as notably the chalk and other elevated ground of the South. It would then become necessary to construct shelter camps to ward off wolves or interfering neighbours, and even with antler-picks and similar rough tools this might be done effectively, especially where there was a good slope to lighten the labour. In the subsequent Bronze and Late Celtic periods the need for similar strongholds would increase, as a result of greater crowding, intenser war, and better weapons and tools. On the other hand, the Roman occupation introduced entirely new features of construction, though the older fortifications must have come in handy enough for minor posts. Mr. Burrow supplies a diagram to explain the Roman plan of holding back the Silures by a line of camps along the Cotswolds. This theory would apply well enough to the first phase of the Roman invasion of Britain, when their sphere of influence was apparently bounded to the North-west by the line of the Severn, prolonged by way of the Avon to the point at which its headwaters nearly touch those of the Welland. At a later stage, however, the Severn can have had no great value as a frontier, as the settled lands in which the Roman took an interest as a corn-grower by this time extended to the foot of the Welsh mountains. All this has been argued out very plausibly by Mr. Belloc in his little book, "Warfare in England." As for the period of subsequent confusion when Angles

and Saxons drove the Romanized Britons into the West; there must have been plenty of spade-work thrust upon both sides, and especially on the weaker, and indeed it is very likely that much more of what we class as pre-historic belongs to this relatively late chapter of our insular history than is usually supposed. Even Roman coins do not prove Roman workmanship, as many a Briton may have clung to his hoard till a Saxon, intent on a less symbolic form of wealth, caused him to scatter it as he ran and did not stop to pick it up. So much for conceivable origins. Meanwhile, there are the venerable monuments ready to yield us actual history if only we take the trouble to search it out.

R. R. M.

A BRITISH SOLDIER'S "ROLAND"

THE SONG OF ROLAND. Done into English, in the Original Measure, by Charles Scott-Moncrieff. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

IT was a lucky chance that led one of our young warrior poets "on a hot afternoon in the summer of 1918" to turr "into the coolness of Hatchard's," and there to find the volume containing the translation of the "Roland" by Petit de Julleville with Müller's text. Had Captain Scott-Moncrieff posed as a scholar we should have felt bound to chide him for not supplementing this discovery by a certain amount of further research, which would have shown him that not even Léon Gautier, whose latest edition, we are assured, is to form the basis of the second issue of the present work, has said the last word on the text.* But we are dealing with an impetuous young soldier who was naturally inspired by this *trouvaille* of one of the greatest war-epics, and who has justified his boldness by enriching our literature with a work which may, after the necessary overhauling, easily become one of the best English renderings of a mediæval poem.

He was, of course, not the first in the field. Apart from the interesting fragment in a South-West Midland dialect, written about 1400 and published many years ago by the E.E.T.S., which represents a French form of the poem differing in many ways from that of the Oxford MS., and leaving on one side, though they are by no means devoid of merit, the two prose versions made by ladies—the one in America (Isabel Butler, 1904) and the other in England (Jessie Crosland, 1907)—there are two complete English verse renderings: that of the learned Irish lawyer, Mr. John O'Hagan, Q.C. (1880), and that of Dr. Arthur S. Way (1913), one of the most distinguished among contemporary translators. The former adopts rhyming octosyllabic couplets, the latter a rough-and-ready kind of Alexandrine, rhyming mostly in pairs, but the syllables of which are often expanded into feet. Both are spirited, and each reproduces in its own way the rush of the original, the one by its very conciseness, the other by the syllables hurrying and tumbling over each other. But, as a sustained poetical achievement, we prefer the translation of Dr. Way, which should never be allowed to fall into neglect, and which, by the way, is, like Mrs. Crosland's, based on the text of Stengel.

If we now turn again to Captain Scott-Moncrieff, and ask ourselves the question: Would or should he have made his attempt had he been acquainted with the previous ones? (for he tells us himself that he was not)—our answer is in the affirmative. For one thing, he had this great advantage over his predecessors: their work was done in cold blood, in the study; his, as it were, in the very heat of battle. Moreover, he was the first to attempt the very difficult task of adhering to the original metre and assonance. When we come to criticize we are disarmed at every

turn. The author's prose dedication to three fallen comrades, supplemented by fine poetical tributes to their memory; Mr. G. K. Chesterton's introduction—for once free from paradox, and none the worse for that, containing two or three points that were really worth making; last, not least, Professor Saintsbury's "Note on Technique," remarkable no less for his obvious admiration of a former pupil's work than for his gentle reproof of certain failings—all this, and much else, tends to win our sympathy. On the point of technique, we may say at once that we share Professor Saintsbury's dislike of "the *laissez* in which the assonance is supplied by the penultimate; for instance, CXXX., where the end-words are 'battle,' 'Charlès,' 'vassal's,' 'wrathful,' 'damage,' 'army,' 'hereafter,' 'Alde,' 'clasp you.'" Far worse, in our view, is the different quality of the vowel sounds in many of the *laissez*. The foregoing supplies several instances. Or take CXCIV., some of the lines of which end in "barons," "glove," "crowd," "sound," "enough," "wood," "dismount," "Mahun;" or, even worse, LXXXII., with its "saw," "more," "shone," "valour," "overborne," "all." The task is so difficult that we have no wish to be pedantic. Many of the shifts employed, such as change of accent, may be excused by archaic use Even "France la Douce," "nor caution knew" may pass muster; so may "Provence," "Maience," "confidence," though somewhat trying. But we hope that some of the more flagrant instances will disappear in the next edition. On the whole, Captain Scott-Moncrieff has justified his use of the assonance. Sometimes, as in versions of Spanish plays (such as MacCarthy's), we regard the attempt as futile, for the sufficient reason that in these the assonance is entirely lost to English ears, seeing that it does not fall in consecutive lines, whereas in the French epics it does.

Our author revels in the battle-pieces, the vigour of which has surely never been surpassed; he can be tender at the right moment; nor does he ever miss the spirit of pure religious faith and the fervent note of patriotism that inform the whole. Here is a fair sample of his manner:

In the admiral is much great virtue found;
He strikes Carlun on his steel helm so brown
Has broken it and rent, above his brow,
Through his thick hair the sword goes glancing round,
A great palm's breadth and more of flesh cuts out,
So all bare the bone is, in that wound.
Charles tottereth, falls nearly to the ground;
God wills not he be slain or overpow'rd.
Saint Gabriel once more to him comes down,
And questions him: "Great King, what doest thou?"

Charles, hearing how that holy Angel spake,
Had fear of death no longer, nor dismay;
Remembrance and a fresh vigour he's gained.
So the admiral he strikes with France's blade,
His helmet breaks, whereon the jewels blaze,
Slices his head, to scatter all his brains,
And, down unto the white beard, all his face;
So he falls dead, recovers not again.
"Monjoie," cries Charles, that all may know the tale.

We do not agree with the author in recommending his work as "a companion to the study of the Oxford MS.;" for that purpose we should prefer either of the prose versions we have named. But we do recommend it to that large body of readers who can enjoy great literature in translation, without bothering in any way about the original. Above all, we like to regard it as a worthy tribute offered by one of our fighting men to the enduring valour of our Ally—*la douce France*. On December 8, 1870, Gaston Paris, speaking amidst the roar of the German guns, delivered at the Collège de France that noble address on "La Chanson de Roland et la Nationalité Française" which cannot even now be read without emotion. We feel that Captain Scott-Moncrieff's work was undertaken in the same spirit.

H. O.

*A long series of issues of this book represents merely stereotyped replicas of the eighth edition—an admirable piece of work, but now no longer always up-to-date.

A CANDID FRIEND

MY SECOND COUNTRY (FRANCE). By Robert Dell. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

IT is doubtful whether the really detached observer, supposing him to be possible, ever understands anything. We first love or hate the object presented to us; we investigate and try to understand afterwards. This is obviously true of our relations to human beings, and it also explains much that is otherwise puzzling in the history of science and philosophy. As regards people and those vague entities called nations, however, it is obvious that our conclusions are the result, and not the cause, of our emotional reactions. The opinions that the people of one country form about those of another are probably, from the rationalist's point of view, amongst the most worthless products of the human mind. They are usually rationalizations of emotions awakened by fictitious objects. They have no correspondence to anything real, but they are of profound importance in human affairs. Thus the present English feelings about the two completely fictitious objects depicted in the press as Germany and Russia promise to be of great importance to the immediate future of the world. The prolonged residence of every Englishman in both countries would probably educe a different set of emotions and lead to opinions having a closer relation to facts, but it is impracticable. The best alternative is to study the opinions of Englishmen who have had closer contact with the objects of their emotions, to allow for the sort of Englishmen they are (which it is not difficult for other Englishmen to do), and to use this material in forming one's own conclusions.

The present book by Mr. Dell is an excellent example of what we mean. Mr. Dell has resided for several years in France, has met many sorts of French people, and is a kind of Englishman with whom we are thoroughly familiar. He is an intellectual of the political, Socialistic type. He is very earnest, a little bitter, well read in the political theories of his group, and a severe moralist. We know his type quite well, and we have a sincere admiration for it; we believe it to be a type which is, at the present time, providing a good deal of such salt as the earth is receiving. We know also that it is a type that is apt to be a little ignorant of practical psychology, a little too theoretical, a little too prone to tighten up that large, shambling, lax thing, the ordinary man. When, as always happens, the ordinary man continues to sprawl, continues to indulge his appetites and to sin against his own interests, the earnest expounders of those interests sometimes grow petulant. They may even give up the ordinary man in disgust—Socialism has more than its share of backsliders—or they may invent the Perfect Proletarian. Mr. Dell is not free from this tendency. He is, like all his type, disillusioned; nevertheless, he must have faith. So he divides French humanity into the sheep and the goats. The goats are the *petit bourgeois*, the *rentiers*, and the sheep are the proletariat. Mr. Dell surveys the selfishness and stupidity of man—as localized in the *rentier*—with disgust; on the other hand, he keeps his faith untarnished and hopes to have the honour of taking part in the "dictatorship of the proletariat." The detached-observer attitude, therefore, is not very prominent in Mr. Dell's pages; towards the end, indeed, the last traces of detachment vanish and we are presented with frank Socialist propaganda. So much the better; as we have indicated, the detached observer is only a sly deceiver.

What, then, is the France presented by Mr. Dell? It is, in the first place, a much more credible France than the one made familiar to us by our sentimental writers. Mr. Chesterton's happy peasant proprietors and Mr. Belloc's malignant Jew financiers wear quite a different

look in Mr. Dell's pages. Mr. Dell's French peasant is an avaricious, stupidly conservative, suspicious and yet gullible, hard-working, unimaginative, unenterprising, uneducated man. His thrift is a vice, and one of the reasons why France is less prosperous than it might be; and his ambition is to be that degraded object, a *rentier*. Mr. Dell's Jew is a gentleman who differs from the true Frenchman by being less of a money-grabber, more generous, and by having more interest and better taste in the arts. It must be admitted that the broad traits of these pictures agree pretty well with our general experience of peasants and Jews. As regards the *petit bourgeois*, we doubt whether he is quite as detestable as Mr. Dell makes out. The fact that he dodges paying income-tax whenever he can probably means, as Mr. Dell thinks, that he will provoke a revolution in which he will lose everything. He is undoubtedly stupid, but to avoid income-tax is human; he is not necessarily a monster of selfishness. We are a little sceptical, too, about Mr. Dell's French proletarian; we suggest that the abyss separating him from the *rentier* is not quite so wide and deep as Mr. Dell makes it. We make this suggestion purely on general principles: we pretend to no special knowledge. We have an innate distrust, however, of black-and-white diagrams. But when we leave actual people, and come to institutions, the political system, banking, railways, religion, etc., Mr. Dell displays all the peculiar excellences of his type. His analysis is acute, modern and thoroughly interesting. It will surprise many readers to discover how backward France is in nearly all its public institutions. Mr. Dell suggests that the centralization in Paris and the profound conservatism of the French people are together responsible for the comparative inefficiency of the French State services. We think he is right in pointing out that the French interest in ideas is, in a way, superficial. The French are always willing to change the form, provided the substance remains unaltered. In England we dread changing a form, but we unobtrusively change the substance. That is why monarchical England is more democratic than republican France. In these matters Mr. Dell is at his best; he is clear, competent and always readable.

J. W. N. S.

THE LIBRARY AS A "LAB"

In a lecture on "The Library as a Laboratory," delivered to the School of Librarianship on Monday last, Professor A. F. Pollard registered another plea against the tyranny of rules and the cult of uniformity in the future development of our libraries. In too many towns the public library, the museum, the municipal college, and the schools are all out of touch with each other. The borough records are in the municipal offices, the ecclesiastical records are scattered. Yet for any fruitful study of local history—the essential basis of national history—all should be together. Books are but a part of the materials for historical study—or, for the matter of that, any branch of science. Maps, historical atlases, plans of cities at various periods, original manuscripts or facsimiles, seals of the different authorities, reproductions of Papal Bulls and other documents, are required to make history real and intelligible. Any one who had seen a court-roll would understand why the insurgents of 1381 rushed out and burned all of these documents they could seize. Such is the apparatus of historical study: the means involved co-operative work in which the library would become a "collaboratory." As a valuable method he instanced a card-index, in which should be entered up corrections of old or recent mistakes, new facts, and new sources, with the results published for the benefit of other readers in a regular bulletin. An infinite waste of time would be saved to students, who now have to find out all these things for themselves. Students tend to be too passive. There are millions of facts, and millions of interpretations of those facts. By testing knowledge, by asking all the possible questions, we may make sure of getting the right answer.

THE EASY PATH

FULL CIRCLE. By Mary A. Hamilton. (Collins. 7s. net.)

THERE is no doubt that the author of "Full Circle" has faced her difficult subject with courage and sincerity. But it is the novelist's courage, the novelist's sincerity. These are good, sound, familiar weapons which in a world of turn-tails and sentimentalists we cannot affect to despise, but it is just because her handling of them is so dexterous that we find ourselves wishing to Heaven that Mrs. Hamilton would throw both away and begin all over again without them. It is, we realize, a rude measure to propose, for it would mean the sacrifice of the charming composition of her novel; and this would not be easy for an author whose mind delights in a sense of order, in composing for each character and scene the surroundings that are appropriate and adequate to it. What is the result? The result is another extremely able novel, written with unerring taste and sentiment, well informed, interesting. . . . It is a great deal better than the average novel—but is that enough? Just for the reason that in taking the easy accepted path Mrs. Hamilton has looked towards the difficult one, we say it is not enough and that "Full Circle" is by no means the novel it might have been.

Her difficult subject is this. Here we have the Quilhamptons, a family of brothers and sisters, passionately united by the tie of blood and by their affection for a beautiful home. They are met together on the occasion of the eldest sister's marriage, and the meeting is overshadowed by the fact that they realize the time has come when the "home life" must end and they must go their several ways and risk losing themselves in life. We are made to feel that in their case the risk is by no means small. Spontaneous, rich, gifted, original creatures that they are, they are, somehow, a shade too fine for life; there is a doubt whether, at the last moment, the habit to withdraw, to seek shelter, will not prove too strong. Of them all, Bridget is the one who, the others feel, is most likely to win through and be happy. Staying with them is a Socialist friend of their brother Roger, one Wilfred Elstree. This strange creature is a herald (but against all the rules carrying a trumpet) whom life has sent to parley with them on the eve of the battle. Bridget not only listens; she goes over to him. She accepts life as her swell friend as personified in rough, crude, harsh, hideous, selfish Elstree. At his touch her blood catches fire; at his glance she swoons. They live together until he tires of her and throws her away, to snatch from Roger's arms a little doll of a creature, and, after breaking her, to disappear for four years. On his reappearance he asks Bridget to marry him, but she begs him to wait for six weeks, and at the end of that time he is, of course, engaged to another. Now if Bridget had really loved Elstree, if he had not been such an out-and-out ranting, roaring stage-Socialist, if their relationship had been important, and yet there had been in his nature some queer brutal streak, some lack of imagination which drove him to seek in another only the means of renewing himself—if Bridget had recognized this and yet won through. . . . But Love? We have a most convincing account of her physical reactions, of her enjoyment of him and the anguish she suffered when he left her and she waited for the bell to ring—for a letter—a sign—hoped and gave up hope. But Love? Why, on his reappearance after four years Mrs. Hamilton sacrifices the feelings of her heroine to a description of the room by firelight in which Elstree is sitting. Fatal gift of the pen, fatal sincerity of the novelist! How can we believe in Bridget unless we have the whole of her? How can we accept the fact that she did win through if we are not

told to what?—if we are put off, cleverly, indeed, with a description of the fascination of London?

We realize in writing this we are too severe upon the author, but it is her fault. If she did not convey the impression that she might have written "Full Circle" from within, how can we be content with her view of it from without?

K. M

PROMISE

GOLD AND IRON. By Joseph Hergesheimer. (Heinemann. 7s. net.)

MR. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER is a writer whose few books have been hailed by the generous critic as masterpieces of their kind. Perhaps it is owing to the fact that he comes from America that their praise has been more formal, less familiar, less—may we say?—avuncular than that which they are accustomed to bestow upon our very own young men. In the latter case, it is their habit upon the appearance of a first novel, however superb they may consider it, to acknowledge the fact that the writer is a young writer. "These young men have grown up in our midst. They have attended our schools, they have been to our Universities and come down. While we do not dispute their genius for one moment, we question whether the finest flower, the ripest fruit is yet within our hands." But Mr. Hergesheimer has been allowed no youth. They have been to the woods for him already; they have returned with an armful of those strange branches that look and smell like laurel, and there is nothing more to be said except to say it over again.

Nevertheless it is just this quality of "promise" which we venture to think he possesses. It is more noticeable than ever in the stories collected under the title "Gold and Iron." These three stories are all most obviously the work of a writer who feels a great deal more than he can at present express. They are in form very similar. In the long, slow approach to the "crisis," he writes well and freely; he takes his time, one has the impression that he feels, here, at this point he is safe, and can afford to let himself go. But when the heart of the story is reached, when there is nothing left to depend upon—to cling to—then he is like a young swimmer who can even swim very well, disport himself unafraid and at ease as long as he knows that the water is not out of his depth. When he discovers that it is—he disappears. So does Mr. Hergesheimer. But watching sympathetically from the bank, we hope the disappearance is only temporary.

K. M.

THE STUDY OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY TO-DAY.—Inaugural Address by J. P. Whitney, Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Cambridge. (Cambridge, University Press. 2s. 6d. net.)—Professor Whitney's appointment to the important chair he now holds was welcomed by all those who believe that what the study of religion most needs at the present moment is an infusion of sweetness and light. A large part of this inaugural address is taken up, as is usual on these occasions, with tributes to former occupants of the chair. Professor Whitney is eminently fitted to do justice to his predecessors, however much their views may have diverged from his own, yet we feel that even his generous appreciation falls short of doing full justice to Henry Melvill Gwatkin. It hardly brings out those artistic qualities in which this dour controversialist was supreme. The hundred and seventy tiny pages of his shorter history of "The Arian Controversy" are as perfect a piece of writing as any historian has accomplished. Into this little space Gwatkin has packed, without a trace of overcrowding, the whole religious and political world of the fourth century, each figure alive and distinct, each scene a firm and finished miniature. Whatever his deficiencies as a historian, as a writer he will not be easily surpassed.

Science

PSYCHOLOGY IN INDUSTRY

LECTURES ON INDUSTRIAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Bernard Muscio. (Routledge. 6s. 6d. net.)

IT is no fresh discovery that some ways of performing even the simplest tasks of manual labour are less taxing than others, or that a pause, say for tea in the middle of the afternoon, may have an exhilarating effect, or that a certain physique is desirable in a coal-heaver; but an intelligent and systematic study of the easiest and most economical movements needed for a particular industrial process, of the distribution of time between effort and rest calculated to put a worker at his or her best, and of the less obvious physical and mental aptitudes, is of recent growth. There is still, a. Mr. Muscio points out, no adequate body of information to which an employer or workman wishing to reduce or eliminate fatigue can turn for information. Little or nothing is known of the cumulative effects of work, of the causes which make monotonous work distasteful to some persons while it may be agreeable to others, of the extent to which strain might be avoided by reduction of noise, and by meticulous attention to ventilation and lighting.

The necessity of maintaining a maximum output during the war led to the establishment of the Health of Munition Workers' Committee to remedy the effects of ignorance in the use of human labour which would not have been displayed had horses or hounds been concerned, and the first ground has been broken in this country by the publications of this committee. But the present problem is a different one, namely, to secure a standard output with a minimum of effort from the workers, ensuring to them a reserve of vitality and leisure which will give to promises of a new world other than a platform value. An instance of the results of psychological methods in industry will serve to illustrate their possible uses.

Thirty five girls selected for their short reaction times did as much work as bicycle ball inspectors in an eight-and-a-half hour day, taking two days' holiday per month at their own option, as 120 girls not so selected in a ten-and-a-half-hour day, while the accuracy of their work was two-thirds greater. Although the wages of these girls were increased by nearly 100 per cent., the cost of production was largely decreased.

The history of scientific management and the use which has been made of psychological methods in America is not encouraging, and the conclusions of the Hoxie Report are calculated to give pause to enthusiasts.

After stating that at its present stage scientific management "is in many respects crude, many of its devices are contradictory of its announced principles, and it is inadequately scientific," the Commissioners continue:

The second point is that neither organized nor unorganized Labour finds in Scientific Management any adequate protection to their standards of living, any progressive means for industrial education, or any opportunity for industrial democracy by which Labour may create for itself a progressively efficient share in efficient management. And, therefore, as unorganized Labour is totally unequipped to work for these human rights, it becomes doubly the duty of organized Labour to work unceasingly and unswervingly for them, and, if necessary, to combat an industrial development which not only does not contain conditions favourable to their growth, but, in many respects, is hostile soil.

Mr. Muscio, in a fair general survey of the charges brought by Labour against scientific management as apprehended by a sympathetic student, endeavours to show that none of the objections can be regarded as final. He admits the exploitation of Labour under the Taylor and kindred systems, the small share of profits represented by the increased wages of individual workers, the fact that increased output was not coupled with an adequate reduction of hours of labour, and the interference with

the power of collective bargaining which is an essential principle of trade-unionism. He also admits that scientific management has led to temporary unemployment and that it has been associated with "driving," although the object of psychological study should be to diminish effort, and to relieve the strain due to increased speed of machinery. On the other hand, he does not allow that manual workers stand to lose by further subdivision of labour, and consequent destruction of craft skill, provided their rights of collective bargaining are safeguarded, and he reduces the argument against labour-saving appliances to an absurdity by following its extreme logical consequences.

The apathy of Labour towards the need for increased production is often represented as a depraved desire to restrict output and so shirk a fair day's work, but such critics are apt to overlook the fact that, under present industrial conditions and warned by American experience, Labour has little to gain from increased production, and much to fear from the introduction of psychological methods without safeguards. There is no guarantee that the present struggle to obtain or keep fair rates of pay would cease; and the demand for security of employment, which can alone dispel the fear overshadowing the lives of the majority of manual workers, is not met. They are not interested in the argument of the political economist that increased efficiency in the production of boots will cheapen the cost of boots and therefore increase the demand, so long as they perceive that a higher standard of efficiency leads to the dismissal of individual workers, and further suspect that employers cherish an army of unemployed for their own ends.

It is safe to prophesy that, although time and motion study and other applications of industrial psychology may be tolerated in factories where the general conditions are above the average, the attitude of the workers will remain unaltered until there is a fundamental change in the respective functions of Capital and Labour. The reports of the Whitley Committee have been regarded in some quarters as a new gospel, but it was pointed out in a note by a minority of the Committee that they had not solved any problems arising out of the relations between Capital and Labour, but had only suggested machinery by which such problems might ultimately be solved. The successful adoption of psychological methods is only possible with the intelligent and responsible co-operation of the workers, and Labour must have full opportunities to devise and insist upon its own safeguards. The introduction of such methods must be accompanied by experiments in joint industrial control, and in the assignment of contracts for labour to Trade Unions or Works Committees, made under the most favourable conditions and in a spirit hopeful of success, and not as a challenge to Bolshevism.

The Industrial Fatigue Research Board, appointed to carry on the work begun by the Health of Munition Workers' Committee, is undertaking inquiries which should materially extend present knowledge, and has already published reports of considerable interest on certain aspects of the question. The proposed Institute of Industrial Psychology, with facilities for laboratory research and for training psychologists for industrial posts, should carry the matter a stage further if the sympathy and assistance of Labour are enlisted. But unless the opinion expressed above is beside the mark, experiments in factory management are also essential; if it is not too late, one or two of the national factories might well be dedicated to this purpose. The results obtained by the Industrial Fatigue Research Board and by the proposed Institute can best be put to a practical test in works where Labour has some share in the control; under any other conditions important factors in modern industrial psychology must inevitably be disregarded.

SOCIETIES

GEOLOGICAL.—January 21.—Mr. G. W. Lamplugh, President, in the chair.

D. Buttle, C. P. Chatwin, J. Davies, W. G. Langford, E. Merrick, Florence Annie Pitts, Dr. Pierre Pruvost, Mrs. Eleanor M. Reid, H. J. Walker, and A. K. Wells were elected Fellows.

Mr. Richard Dixon Oldham gave a demonstration on a model to illustrate the hypothesis of a somewhat rigid crust resting on a somewhat yielding substratum, as applied to the problem of the origin of mountain ranges.

LINNEAN.—January 15.—Dr. A. Smith Woodward, President, in the chair.

A special vote of thanks was accorded to the Institute of Preventive Medicine for its gift of a large number of volumes on Sponges, formerly the property of the late Professor E. A. Minchin.—Mr. J. R. Matthews was admitted a Fellow. Dr. James Davidson was elected a Fellow.

Dr. A. B. Rendle stated that M. Jules Cardot, the eminent French bryologist, was early in the war driven by the German advance from his home at Charleville, with less than twenty-four hours' notice, and had to abandon all his possessions. Able at last to return to Charleville, he found that the greater part of his property had been destroyed; his family furniture and possessions, his books and MS. notes, his instruments, and a large portion of his collections, either ruined or disappeared. The one part of his belongings left practically intact is his mounted Herbarium of Mosses, consisting of about 10,000 species, represented by 30,000 or 40,000 specimens. The Herbarium is a valuable one, containing the types of a large number of new species. It is M. Cardot's desire that his Herbarium should find a permanent place in the Paris Museum of Natural History. The Museum authorities are willing to find half the necessary amount, the remaining half to be raised, partly in this country, partly in America, among botanical friends and sympathizers. Bryological friends in the United States have intimated their willingness to do this, and an agreed price of 10,000fr. has been mentioned between the Museum and M. Cardot; and the proposal to raise one-fourth of that amount in this country would at the present rate of exchange need a sum of between £60 and £70. Mr. H. N. Dixon is acting as treasurer of the fund, and contributions will be gladly received by him at 17, St. Matthew's Parade, Northampton.

The General Secretary gave a lantern lecture entitled "Methods of Botanic Illustration during Four Centuries." Specimens of the blocks and of plates resulting from the processes described were shown on the table.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—February 2.—Sir James Crichton-Browne, Treasurer and Vice-President, in the chair.

The thanks of the members were returned to Mr. A. B. Bence Jones for his present of copies from scientific journals of abstracts of Faraday's Friday Evening Discourses, used by Dr. Bence Jones in his Life and Letters of Faraday.—Dr. W. H. Bailey, Mrs. Champion de Crespigny, J. Campbell Dewar, Mrs. Dreschfield, G. Bramwell Ehrenborg, and Dr. W. R. Parker were elected Members.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—January 29.—Sir Hercules Read, President, in the chair.

The Rev. J. K. Floyer read a paper on the ancient manor house of the bishopric of Winchester at Esher. The only remaining portion of the Bishop of Winchester's manor house at Esher is the brick gatehouse, built about 1485. A map of 1606 shows the extent of it when it was completed by Bishop Wainfleet. The gatehouse corresponds in material and design with others built in England by those who had taken part in the wars in France in the fifteenth century, and the origin of these gatehouses may probably be traced to that country. The first house on the Esher manor was probably erected in 1245, and was considerably enlarged in 1331. All except the principal dwelling-rooms was rebuilt by Bishop Wainfleet; Cardinal Wolsey attempted to acquire the house from Bishop Fox, so that he could be near Hampton Court when this was being built. He gained possession of it in April, 1529, and about three months later retired to Esher on his disgrace, remaining there until February 2, 1530. Henry VIII. acquired the manor in 1538. Richard Drake had the custody of three high admirals of the Spanish Armada, as prisoners, from 1588 to 1592. The house was altered in various ways, chiefly by Kent, about 1729-40. About 1806 Mr. Spicer pulled down all except the gatehouse, which remains with alterations by Kent.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Fri. 6. King's College, 4.—"Ecclesiastical Art," Lecture IV., Professor P. Dearmer.

University College, 5.—"Italian Society in the Renaissance," Lecture III., Dr. E. G. Gardner.

King's College, 5.30.—"Ecclesiastical Music: Indian Music," Rev. H. A. Popley.

King's College, 5.30.—"Historical Theories of Space, Time, and Movement: The Antinomies—Zeno, Kant, Bradley," Professor H. Wildon Carr.

Fri. 6. King's College, 5.30.—"La Dynastie de Macédoine: III. Les Bulgares," Dr. L. Economos.

University College, 5.30.—"Greek and Roman Industry," Mr. M. Cary.

Philological, 8.—"Some Middle English Problems," Sir Israel Gollancz.

Royal Institution, 9.—"Landor and the Classic Manner," Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sat. 7. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Astronomical Evidence bearing on Einstein's Theory of Gravitation: II. Displacement of Solar Spectral Lines," Sir F. W. Dyson. University of London, South Kensington, 3.—"London, Surrey and the Anglo-Saxon Conquest," Mr. A. F. Major.

Mon. 9. Geographical, 5.—"Characteristics of the Ground as seen from the Air," Capt. H. Alan Lloyd.

King's College, 5.30.—"The Apocalypse," Lecture II., Archdeacon Charles. (Schweich Lectures.)

King's College, 5.30.—"Outlines of Greek History: The Isaurian Deconstruction, 718-802," Professor A. J. Toynbee.

University College, 5.30.—"Guillaume de Machault's Literary and Musical Work," Lecture I., Miss Barbara Smythe.

Dr. Williams' Library (41, Gordon Square, W.C.), 6.—"The Analysis of Mind," Lecture XII., Mr. Bertrand Russell.

Tues. 10. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Search for Gold," Professor G. Elliot Smith.

Institution of Civil Engineers, 5.30.—"Experiments on the Horizontal Pressure of Sand," Mr. P. M. Crosthwaite; "Overturning Moment on Retaining Walls," Dr. A. R. Fulton.

King's College, 5.30.—"The Philosophy of Kant," Lecture IV., Professor H. Wildon Carr.

King's College, 5.30.—"Contemporary Russia: IV. The Reaction: the Far East Policy," Sir Bernard Pares.

University College, 5.30.—"The Golden Age in Danish Literature," Lecture I., Mr. J. H. Helweg.

University College, 5.30.—"Holland and Belgium," Lecture I., Professor P. Geyl.

Zoological, 5.30.—Exhibition of Photographs of a Chinese Serow, Mr. R. I. Pocock; "Some Australian Opiliones," Mr. H. R. Hogg; "Description of the Larynx and Esophagus of a Common Macaque, exhibiting several Unusual Features," Dr. C. F. Sonntag; "A Revision of the Ichneumonid Genera *Labium* and *Pacilocryptus*," Messrs. R. E. Turner and J. Waterston.

Wed. 11. University College, 3.—"History and Drama in the 'Divina Commedia,'" Lecture III., Dr. E. G. Gardner. (Barlow Lectures.)

Society of Arts, 4.30.—"Naval Camouflage," Lieut. Commander Norman Wilkinson.

King's College, 5.30.—"The Problem of the Middle Danube," Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson.

King's College, 5.30.—"An Outline of Germany's Efforts against Egypt and the Conquest of Palestine," Lieut.-Col. G. P. A. Phillips.

University College, 5.30.—"The Changes as shown by Comparative Law in the Rights and Duties attaching to Property," Lecture II., Sir John Macdonell.

University College, 5.30.—"Wergeland, Welhaven and Collett," Lecture I., Mr. I. C. Gröndahl.

Thurs. 12. University College, 2.30.—"Egyptian History," Miss Murray.

Royal Institution, 3.—"Recent Progress in Applied Optics," Lecture II., Professor A. E. Conrady.

Royal Society, 4.30.—

King's College, 5.30.—"Christ in Modern Thought," Dr. W. E. Orchard.

University College, 5.30.—"Italian Literature," Lecture IV., Professor Antonio Cippico. (In Italian.)

University College, 5.30.—"English Architecture in the Nineteenth Century," Mr. F. M. Simpson.

University College, 5.30.—"August Strindberg," Lecture I., Mr. I. Björkham.

Fri. 13. King's College, 4.—"Ecclesiastical Art," Lecture V., Professor P. Dearmer.

University College, 5.—"Italian Society in the Renaissance," Lecture IV., Dr. E. G. Gardner.

King's College, 5.30.—"Ecclesiastical Music: The Use of Plain Chant in the English Service," Capt. Francis Burgess.

King's College, 5.30.—"Historical Theories of Space, Time, and Movement: The Void—The Old Atomic Theory—Lucretius," Professor H. Wildon Carr.

King's College, 5.30.—"La Dynastie de Macédoine: IV. L'action de Byzance en Occident," Dr. L. Economos.

Fine Arts

DUNCAN GRANT

TO-DAY, when the Carfax Gallery opens its doors at No. 5, Bond Street, and invites the cultivated public to look at the paintings of Duncan Grant, that public will have a chance of discovering what has for some time been known to alert critics here and abroad—that at last we have in England a painter whom Europe may have to take seriously. Nothing of the sort has happened since the time of Constable; so naturally one is excited.

If the public knows little of Duncan Grant the public is not to blame. During the fifteen years that he has been at work not once has he held "a one-man show," while his sendings to periodic exhibitions have been rare and unobtrusive. To be sure, there is a picture by him in the Tate Gallery. But who ever thought of going there to look for a work of art? Besides, during the last few years the Tate, like most other places of the sort, has been given over to civil servants. Duncan Grant is a scrupulous, slow, and not particularly methodical worker. His output is small; and no sooner is a picture finished than it is carried off by one of those watchful amateurs who seem a good deal more eager to buy than he is to sell. Apparently he cares little for fame; so the public gets few opportunities of coming acquainted with his work.

Duncan Grant is, in my opinion, the best English painter alive. And how English he is! (British, I should say, for he is a Highlander.) Of course he has been influenced by Cézanne and the modern Frenchmen. He is of the movement. Superficially his work may look exotic and odd. Odd it will certainly look to people unfamiliar with painting. But anyone who has studied and understood the Italians will see at a glance that Duncan Grant is thoroughly in the great tradition; while he who also knows the work of Wilson, Gainsborough, Crome, Cotman, Constable and Turner will either deny that there is such a thing as an English tradition, or admit that Duncan Grant is in it. For my part, I am inclined to believe that an English pictorial tradition exists, though assuredly it is a tiny and almost imperceptible rill, to be traced as often, perhaps, through English poetry as through English painting. At all events, there are national characteristics; and these you will find asserting themselves for good or ill in the work of our better painters.

Duncan Grant's ancestors are Piero della Francesca, Gainsborough and the Elizabethan poets. There is something Greek about him, too; not the archæological Greek of Germany, nor yet the Græco-Roman academicism of France, but rather that romantic, sensuous Hellenism of the English literary tradition. It is, perhaps, most obvious in his early work, where, indeed, all the influences I have named can easily be found. Then, at the right moment, he plunged headlong into the movement, became the student of Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, though not, curiously enough, of Bonnard, the modern artist with whose work his own has the closest affinity, and, for a year or two, suffered his personality to disappear almost beneath the heavy, fertilizing spate. He painted French exercises. He was learning. He has learnt. He can now express, not someone else's ideas, but himself, completely and with delicious ease, in the language of his age. He is a finished and highly personal modern artist.

I dare say Duncan Grant's most national characteristic is the ease with which he achieves beauty. To paint beautifully comes as naturally to him as to speak English does to me. Almost all English artists of any merit have had this gift, and most of them have turned it to sorry

account. It was so pleasant to please that they tried to do nothing else, so easy to do it that they scampered and gambolled down the hill that ends in mere prettiness. From this catastrophe Duncan Grant has been saved by a gift which, amongst British painters, is far from common. He is extremely intelligent. His intellect is strong enough to keep in hand that most charming and unruly of its sister gifts, sensibility. And a painter who possesses both sensibility and the intellect to direct it is in a fair way to becoming a master.

The sensibility of English artists, whether verbal or visual, is as notorious as their sense of beauty. This becomes less surprising when we reflect that the former includes the latter. The fact is, critics, with their habitual slovenliness, apply the term "sensibility" to two different things. Sometimes they are talking about the artist's imagination, and sometimes about his use of the instrument: sometimes about his reactions, and sometimes—in the case of painters—about the tips of his fingers. It is true that both qualities owe their existence to and are conditioned by one fundamental gift—a peculiar poise—a state of feeling—which may well be described as "sensibility." But, though both are consequences of this peculiar delicacy and what I should like to call "light-triggeredness" of temperament, they are by no means identical. By "sensibility" critics may mean an artist's power of responding easily and intensely to the æsthetic significance of what he sees; this power they might call, if they cared to be precise, "sensibility of inspiration." At other times they imply no more than sensibility of touch: in which case they mean that the contact between the artist's brush and his canvas has the quality of a thrilling caress, so that it seems almost as if the instrument that bridged the gulf between his fingers and the surface of his picture must have been as much alive as himself. "Sensibility of handling" or "hand-writing" is the proper name for this. In a word, there is sensibility of the imagination and sensibility of the senses: one is receptive, the other executive. Now Duncan Grant's reactions before the visible universe are exquisitely vivid and personal, and the quality of his paint is often as charming as a kiss. He is an artist who possesses both kinds of sensibility. These are adorable gifts; but they are not extraordinarily rare amongst English painters of the better sort.

In my judgment Gainsborough and Duncan Grant are the English painters who have been most splendidly endowed with sensibility of both sorts, but I could name a dozen who have been handsomely supplied. In my own time there have been four—Burne-Jones (you should look at his early work), Conder, Steer and John, all of whom had an allowance far above the average, while in America there was Whistler. No one, I suppose, would claim for any of these, save, perhaps, Whistler, a place even in the second rank of artists. From which it follows clearly enough that something more than delicacy of reaction and touch is needed to make a man first-rate. What is needed is, of course, constructive power. An artist must be able to convert his inspiration into significant form; for in art it is not from a word to a blow, but from a tremulous, excited vision to an orderly mental conception, and from that conception, by means of the problem and with the help of technique, to externalization in form. That is where intelligence and creative power come in. And no British painter has, as yet, combined with sure and abundant sensibility, power and intelligence of a sort to do perfectly and without fail this desperate and exacting work. In other words, there has been no British painter of the first magnitude. But I mistake or Gainsborough, Crome, Constable and Duncan Grant were all born with the possibility of greatness in them.

Many British (or, to make myself safe, I will say English-speaking) painters have had enough sensibility of inspira-

tion to make them distinguished and romantic figures. Who but feels that Wilson, Blake, Reynolds, Turner and Rossetti were remarkable men? Others have had that facility and exquisiteness of handling which gives us the enviable and almost inexhaustible producer of charming objects—Hogarth, Cotman, Keene, Whistler, Conder, Steer, Davies. Indeed, with the exceptions of Blake and Rossetti—two heavy-handed men of genius—and Reynolds, whose reactions were something too perfunctory, I question whether there be a man in either list who wanted much for sensibility of either sort. But what English painter could conceive and effectively carry out a work of art? Crome I think has done it; Gainsborough and Constable at any rate came near; and it is because Duncan Grant may be the fourth name in our list that some of us are now looking forward with considerable excitement to his exhibition.

An Englishman who is an artist can hardly help being a poet; I neither applaud nor altogether deplore the fact, though certainly it has been the ruin of many promising painters. The doom of Englishmen is not reversed for Duncan Grant: he is a poet; but he is a poet in the right way—in the right way, I mean, for a painter to be a poet. Certainly his vision is not purely pictorial; and because he feels the literary significance of what he sees his conceptions are apt to be literary. But he does not impose his conceptions on his pictures; he works his pictures out of his conceptions. Anyone who will compare them with those of Rossetti or Watts will see in a moment what I mean. In Duncan Grant there is, I agree, something that reminds one unmistakably of the Elizabethan poets, something fantastic and whimsical and at the same time intensely lyrical. I should find it hard to make my meaning clearer, yet I am conscious enough that my epithets applied to painting are anything but precise. But though they may be lyrical or fantastic or witty, these pictures never tell a story or point a moral.

My notion is that Duncan Grant often starts from some mixed motif which, as he labours to reduce it to form and colour, he cuts, chips and knocks about till you would suppose that he must have quite whittled the alloy away. But the fact is, the very material out of which he builds is coloured in poetry. The thing he has to build is a monument of pure visual art; that is what he plans, designs, elaborates and finally executes. Only, when he has achieved it, we cannot help noticing the colour of the bricks. All notice, and some enjoy, this adscititious literary over-tone. Make no mistake, however, the literary element in the art of Duncan Grant is what has been left over, not what has been added. A Blake or a Watts conceives a picture and makes of it a story; a Giorgione or a Piero di Cosimo steals the germ of a poem and by curious cultivation grows out of it a picture. In the former class you will find men who may be great figures, but can never be more than mediocre artists: Duncan Grant is of the latter. He is in the English tradition without being in the English rut. He has sensibility of inspiration, beauty of touch, and poetry; but, controlling these, he has intelligence and artistic integrity. He is extremely English; but he is more of an artist than an Englishman.

CLIVE BELL.

MR. A. C. GOW, R.A., Keeper of the Royal Academy, died on February 1 at the age of 72. Mr. Gow belonged to a school and tradition that has been wholly forgotten by the present generation, or is remembered by them only when they read of strange artistic controversies in Haydon's "Life." He was a painter of historical *genre*, which was once believed, in defiance of Aristotle, to be more highly serious than any other kind of painting. His works possess only an antiquarian interest.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—Sculpture by Auguste Rodin.
GOUPIIL GALLERY.—Water-Colours by Professor Frederick Brown.

RODIN was perhaps the most skilful modeller in clay who ever lived; he had the tactile sense—the special sense of the modeller developed to the highest degree. He had, moreover, a subtle sense of contour and silhouette—the special sense of the painter. But he was relatively weak in the concrete structural sense—the special sense of the sculptor. No modeller ever took more delight in the superficial aspects of the human form, or was more responsive to sentient surfaces; no modeller ever produced more vibrant fragments. No painter ever drew more sensitive lines than the contours of Rodin's best works. But no sculptor of anything like his eminence ever failed so often to conceive his subject "in the round" or to create a structure capable of looking its best in the open air. Rodin's works invariably look their best indoors, and photographs of some pieces are more impressive than the sculptures themselves. Hardly any of his works are admirable from every angle; few have more than two good views, many have only one. If the photographer selects the best view and arranges appropriate lighting and background, we get a concentrated version of a silhouette and its encircling contours—which corresponds but too often, we suspect, to the sculptor's original concept.

But the qualities that went to the making of Rodin as an artist were not merely technical qualities. He had a great personality, a great outlook, and a passion for art. The whole constitution of the man appears in his first three important works—the "Man with a Broken Nose," "The Age of Bronze" and "St. John the Baptist." These three pieces epitomize the three strains of his aesthetic outlook, the three contiguous paths along which he was destined to tread as an artist. Rodin made his début with the "Man with a Broken Nose," and the path which it represents is the most personal of the three and the most modern in aesthetic conception. The head was the forerunner of "La Vieille Heaulmière," the "Balzac," the portrait of Jean Paul Laurens, and a host of experiments. The Age of Bronze" represents the path of academic realism, in which Rodin never achieved anything more perfect. Indeed, the work conceived in this point of view went steadily downward, and degenerated eventually into the soft and sentimental whitenesses which emerge from swirling pools of marble and are labelled "Fallen Angel" or "Broken Lily," or something equally non-plastic in significance. "St. John the Baptist" was the first result of the master's study of emotional gesture, which he developed later to the climax of his art in "The Bourgeois of Calais." All three paths are represented at South Kensington: the first by a series of bronze sketches, "Cybele," "The Muse," "Figure of a Woman," and the Expressionist portraits of "La Duchesse de C. C. . ."; the second by "The Age of Bronze" itself, and one or two unimportant marble groups; the third by "St. John the Baptist" and the beautiful "Prodigal Son," better known as "Appel Suprême." The Rodin gift includes at least two masterpieces, and is priceless evidence of the working of a great artist's mind. Rodin offered his sculptures in humility, but also in a fine confidence that they were a fitting tribute to the great nation which received them; he offered them with a grand and complex gesture—a gesture worthy of his own art.

Professor Frederick Brown has devoted many years of his life to teaching at the Slade School. With his colleagues in the famous institution he has fought valiantly for the principles of classical draughtsmanship against pretty stippling and journalistic "slickness." He has removed the cataracts of the photographic vision from the eyes of successive generations of students. He has helped small men to attain competence, and at least one big man to touch greatness. This is a record of service which appears at its true value when we examine his exhibition of water-colours at the Goupil Gallery. For these drawings prove that Professor Brown has enough skill and knowledge to have enabled him to acquire a much wider reputation as an artist, had he chosen to do so. "Lewes" (No. 26), "The End of a Rainy Day" (No. 27), and "A Scene in the Highlands" (No. 34) are excellent in their way.

Music

A GERMAN CRITIC ON MODERN MUSIC

II.

AS representative composers of modern Germany Bekker picks out Reger and Mahler (who are both dead), Schönberg, Franz Schreker and Ludwig Rottenberg. Of the first three English audiences know a little at any rate; the other two names, I confess, are unfamiliar to me. The first is a composer of operas, the second a composer of songs. Schreker's operas, which Bekker regards as the greatest since Wagner, are described as being very much under Latin influences, essentially melodic, and looking back towards Gluck and Handel in the sense in which Debussy looks back to Rameau. The songs of Rottenberg have been generally criticized as being too much in the nature of recitative, but are to be considered as an advance on those of Hugo Wolf. It is difficult to form any general conception of modern German tendencies from such summary descriptions.

In comparing the musical conditions of Germany with those of England and France at the present moment, the most striking difference seems to be in the respective attitude of these countries to the music of the past. Germany is a land of learned researchers. The historical investigation of musical origins has been more thoroughly and conscientiously pursued there than in any other country. But the antiquaries are a little group apart. Some of them happen to be interested in modern music; but generally speaking the bulk of the musical public is in no way affected by the achievements of their scholarship. Just as German literature is considered to begin with Lessing, so German music begins with J. S. Bach. In France, on the other hand, the music of Rameau, of Couperin, of Lulli, and even that of Jannequin is quite frequently to be heard. Here in England Purcell, Byrd, Dowland, Gibbons and a host of others are constantly being performed all over the country. There is no sharp line of demarcation between the admirers of the old and the admirers of the new. The scholars who dig up the old music that lies buried in our libraries do not feel that their task is done until they have secured the actual performance of it; and it is in many cases those scholars who are the keenest enthusiasts for the music of our own day.

Another, and perhaps a more important, point of difference between Germany and England lies in their attitude towards folksong. The early precursors of the folksong movement in England used to point to Germany as the land where the national musical heritage of the people was properly appreciated and cultivated. As a matter of fact Brahms, whose folksong settings were the chief cause of all this enthusiasm, was notoriously indiscriminating, and accepted as genuine tunes which had been deliberately made up to throw ridicule on the folksong movement of an earlier generation. And, apart from such errors as these, it may be said that to the average German mind a folksong was a popular tune composed between 1800 and 1850. There were older ones; but the favourites which were firmly stuck in the great heart of the German people dated mostly from the days of Weber and Mendelssohn.

That meant that their musical interest was principally harmonic. Folksong in German music meant much the same thing as the hymn tunes of Stainer and Barnby did in the music of England. Germany has never known the new musical outlook that came into English music with the first maturing of the folksong movement. To German musicians the modes are still the church modes, interesting

only to the specialist in liturgy. We in England know, thanks to some of our folksongs, that the "ecclesiastical" modes can be as cheerful and human as the conventional major and minor. There was before the war a brief period during which it seemed that the folksong movement was going to have a vigorously regenerating influence upon English music. At the present moment this regenerating influence seems to have entirely lost its force. The folksong movement is lively enough. Thousands and thousands of young persons appear to be dashing away with the smoothing iron and acquiring an art of dancing which combines the maximum of energy with the minimum of grace. But in the early days of the movement those who were most interested in it hoped that composers would arise in our own country who would be saturated with their native melodies as Haydn and Dvorák were, and like them would draw from the music of the people the inspiration of their operas and symphonies. Two men there were who might have achieved this ideal, two who had been practical collectors of folksongs and had absorbed them into their very bones, so that almost every phrase they wrote had the natural shape and cadence of traditional melody. George Butterworth, whose few published works showed him likely to be the greater, although the younger of the two, was killed in the war. Vaughan Williams has been silent for five years.

In the meantime new influences have made themselves felt. The old collectors' enthusiasm is a thing of the past. The folksong movement would nowadays be better described as the folksong industry. Thanks to our commercial composers the folksong style has become a commonplace *cliché*. It no longer commands our respect; it has even found its way into the popular hymn-books. Reluctantly, remembering the thrill and the excitement of past years, we begin to wonder whether the German critic is not right in regarding such experiments merely as picturesque effects of colour. The mistake of the folksong enthusiasts was in attaching too much importance to the moral and sentimental aspect of the business. These tunes were supposed to stand for rural simplicity; they were pure, healthy, English and all the rest of it. The result was that even Butterworth, who possessed a technique for better things, seemed mainly preoccupied with their emotional and dramatic values. The only way to make them fruitful as the far-down roots of English music was to consider them dispassionately, to ask oneself not whether they were morally good, but whether they were beautiful. And if they were beautiful, it should not have sufficed to present them, as they so often were presented in a number of symphonic poems and other works, simply as melodies either supported on an almost motionless bass or clothed with deliberately eccentric dissonances. They should have been worked contrapuntally, rigidly and ruthlessly as Purcell might have worked them, and then perhaps they might have evolved for their craftsmen a new originality of expressive dissonance analogous to that which arises from Purcell's single-minded pursuit of the melodic line. But as long as English musicians go on wasting time over the merely quaint and picturesque they are no more likely to produce work of permanent value than the average old-fashioned German whom they despise for his sentimental attachment to the classical tradition of Schumann and Brahms.

EDWARD J. DENT.

THE *Ménestrel* contains a letter from M. Fernand Baldensperger replying to the statement made by certain German critics that with the disappearance of German rule, musical enthusiasm would also disappear from Alsace-Lorraine. M. Baldensperger quotes figures. The number of subscriptions to the concerts of the Strasburg Conservatoire in the last year of German direction was 719; in the first year of French direction, 869. The figures are interesting, although it may be doubted whether, in view of the war conditions of 1917-18, they prove anything.

CONCERTS

MISS LILIAS MCKINNON and MISS EURIDICE DRACONI gave pianoforte recitals on two successive nights (Jan. 26 and 27) entirely devoted to the works of Scriabin. If recitals of this kind are to continue, one hopes that they will be concerned more exclusively with the late-middle and late Scriabin, who is at any rate an individual, though, in our view, an extremely limited one. We very quickly tire of the early Scriabin, in whom—down to, and including, the "Divine Poem"—the styles of Chopin, Liszt, Schumann, Wagner, and Tchaikowsky wage a too-evident struggle for predominance. And if examples of every period are to be included, it is surely better to arrange the programmes on something like a chronological basis, so that we can trace to some extent the evolution of the composer's characteristic idiom. In neither of the programmes before us was this principle observed; Miss Draconi, for instance, played the Fifth Sonata—an interesting transitional work—and then went back to the *Préludes* numbered Op. 16, which sounded in consequence utterly futile.

In the method of interpretation, these two recitals offered as strong a contrast as one could desire. Miss McKinnon, as usual, played everything as piano music pure and simple, avoiding dynamic extremes, and relying on an extremely subtle and artistic gradation of tone in the middle register to achieve contrast of effect. In Miss Draconi's playing everything was much more heavily emphasized; she gave the impression of playing a piano transcription from an orchestral score, rather than music specifically written for the instrument. We believe Miss McKinnon's method to be decidedly the right one for this composer, whose orchestral writing, as a matter of fact, reflects his piano technique very strongly.

THE conductor at the Philharmonic Society's Concert on January 29 was Mr. Adrian Boult, and the chief works performed were Delius' Violin Concerto, Holst's suite "Beni-Mora," and Brahms' Fourth Symphony. The Concerto would affect one more deeply if the composer had not said the same kind of thing so often before. The orchestra moves about in solid harmonic chunks, whose incessant chromaticism leaves one cold, simply because one feels it has become a formula which Delius is content to exploit without questioning its validity. Over this accompaniment the solo violin keeps up a vague and almost continuous monologue that has many charming moments, but lacks incision and coherence. Delius' besetting sin has always been a tendency to rely too exclusively on harmonic effect, and ignore problems of outline, texture, and design; for some time now his harmonic formulæ have been wearing thin, and the purely sensuous beauty they achieve can no longer satisfy us. If one heard the Concerto without knowledge of his other work, one would welcome it as a beautiful and individual piece of music; as one looks back on "Sea-Drift," "Paris" and "Appalachia," one becomes aware that it lacks vitality and significance. It was played by Mr. Sammons with delightful ease of style and purity of tone, though with less than his usual fervour, whilst the way in which Mr. Boult managed to scale down the orchestral dynamics and throw the solo part into the strongest possible relief was deserving of very high praise. "Beni-Mora" is an arresting work, and the last number is, both in boldness of conception and certainty of execution, second to nothing the composer has yet given us.

MR. DOUGLAS MARSHALL, at his recital on January 27, gave us, amongst other things, some unfamiliar numbers by John Dowland—a foretaste of the edition on which Mr. Fellowes is now engaged. If the rest of the selection maintains anything like the same level, the edition will be a treasure indeed, for these songs are magnificent, and, to tell the truth, made the rest of the programme seem very small beer. More simplicity and repose in the singing of them would not have come amiss, but Mr. Marshall is going to be a good singer all the same. He sings with his head; all he needs to cultivate is a greater flexibility of style, and more variety of tone-colour.

MR. ALBERT SAMMONS and MR. WILLIAM MURDOCH gave an extremely interesting recital on January 31, when sonatas by Dohnányi, Beethoven, Debussy, and John Ireland were played. The ensemble of Mr. Murdoch and Mr. Sammons is remarkable, considering that their respective styles and temperaments, to judge by their solo playing, are as different as could well be

imagined. Mr. Sammons appears to exercise on Mr. Murdoch a restraining influence of which one often feels the need when one hears the latter playing by himself.

MUSICAL NOTES FROM PARIS

ALTHOUGH the score of M. Charles Levadé's operatic version of Anatole France's masterpiece, "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque," was completed before the war, it has had to wait five years for its first performance,—which took place on January 12 at the Opéra-Comique. Obviously, any attempt to find a musical equivalent to the peculiarly characteristic spirit and flavour which distinguish all the writings of the great French stylist is practically foredoomed to failure; there is nothing in common between music and either France's mentality or his methods. One would have thought that any sensitive musician would have realized the truth of this in general, and especially in the case of this particular work. However, since M. Georges Docquois has seen fit to dramatize "La Rôtisserie," or rather to transform it for the theatre, and M. Levadé has not hesitated to write his score round this "transformation," the result must be criticized as it stands. Naturally, and inevitably, the immortal Jérôme Coignard suffers in the process of being dressed up for the stage, and the cream and true richness of the book, which is its style, has had to be sacrificed to make room for "incident." The result is a more or less conventional opera-plot of romance and adventure, with the chief high lights on such episodes as Catherine's supper and the brawl, the carrying-off of Jahel from her prison, and the murder of the Abbé by the vengeful magician, d'Astarac. All this may be legitimate enough, and will be liked by people who like this sort of thing, but we are sure that if the real Jacques Tournebroke were to see the good Abbé as he is now appearing on the stage of the Opéra-Comique, he would have no small difficulty in recognizing his "bon maître." It is only fair to add, however, that if we accept this conception of the rôle, M. Jean Périer's acting as the Abbé Jérôme is masterly in its way; and all the cast are well up to the standard of the Opéra-Comique. We have left M. Levadé's music to the end because there seems really so little to say about it at all. It is quite inoffensive, but seems to have been composed according to no particular plan, and shows little or no originality. There are bright spots here and there, but as a whole it sadly lacks the impress of a strong personality.

In the meantime the strike of the artists of the Opéra (orchestra, ballerinas, etc.) is over, and performances began again on January 20, after the strike had lasted eighteen days. The strikers have got their increase, but will have to work somewhat harder for the privilege—in other words, the Director retains the right to call upon them for thirty-six performances "gratis" per annum. This would appear to be a somewhat novel way of adjusting financial demands, but the strikers profess themselves satisfied, and have certainly won their "principle."

The strike may have one curious result owing to an ill-considered gesture on the part of M. Saint-Saëns. During the strike the artists gave popular concerts in Paris and the suburbs, at which they performed extracts from their repertory. M. Saint-Saëns, hearing of this, formally forbade the syndicate to play any of his works at these impromptu concerts—to which the strikers replied that while this prohibition was no embarrassment to themselves at all, it would be more likely to result in a decision being taken by the whole of the artists' syndicates throughout France which would be very far from flattering to the author of "Samson et Dalila," but for which he would only have himself to blame. In other words there is a serious possibility of M. Saint-Saëns' compositions being "boycotted" by all syndicated musicians throughout the length and breadth of France.*

On January 27 Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was to create at Lyon, with artists of the Comédie Française, M. René Fauchois' "Rossini," to be given with incidental music taken from the composer's works.

R. H. M.

* This decision must subsequently have been modified as, since the above was written, "Samson et Dalila" has been performed again at the Opéra.

Drama

ON PRODUCING SHAKESPEARE

THE recent revivals of "Hamlet" and "Julius Cæsar" have given fresh prominence to the difficulty of presenting Shakespeare on our stages. It used to be the fashion to say that the sublimity of the poet made an adequate embodiment of his fancy impossible; nobody would have laughed at that more heartily than Shakespeare. He wrote, most carefully, for the theatre, but, unluckily, not for our theatre. What he and the dramatists of his period had in view while they worked was a bare platform projecting into an arena, upon which no *visual* illusion of reality could be attempted. Every effect must be gained through the medium of the ear; place and time must be created by the spoken word, without any help from scenery, lighting or costume. The modern stage, on the other hand, is a living picture framed by the proscenium, and to the totality of the illusion built up on it the words of the author contribute only a part. When a play of the "platform" epoch is prepared for the "picture" stage the troubles begin.

To start with, the whole character of the oratorical drama, with its long soliloquies and descriptive narratives, is ill-adapted to realistic conventions. The more "actual" the trees in Capulet's garden appear, the less credible is the rhetoric of the lovers. There occurs, moreover, an unfortunate duplication when the scenery evoked by the author's verse is confronted with the brushwork of Messrs. Daubs.

To-morrow night when Phœbe doth behold
Her silvery visage in the watery glass
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.

What is your limelight man to do after that? Equally baffling is the question of "curtains." If Shakespeare were here to revise his works he would, doubtless, refuse to gratify the actor-manager in "Hamlet" by cutting out Fortinbras and ringing down on "The rest is silence," but, just as certainly, he would not end with:

Take up the bodies: such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

He had to take up the bodies, or leave them behind the Elizabethan stage had no curtain to cover them. In these and a score of ways Shakespeare was bound to the requirements of his playhouse. He must insert masques and dances; he must write, or at least indicate, scenes for the "clown"; he must seize every opportunity of a combat, for the theatres were still arenas for sword-play and wrestling; on every excuse for his heroine to disguise herself, he must get his fearful "girls" back into their breeches. But perhaps the most troublesome feature of his plays, from the point of view of the modern producer, is their length. When no time was wasted in shifting heavy scenery, it was possible to speak many more lines than can be said in the course of a modern show. But it is an error to suppose that by getting rid of scenery we shall be able to play Shakespeare without cuts. A phrase in the prologue to "Romeo and Juliet," alluding to "the two hours' traffic of our stage," has been far too literally interpreted. It is but the orator's "Let us consider for a few minutes," when he means at least forty of them. Shakespeare's tragedies cannot have been played in two hours, nor did the audience expect it. They were indurated to *longueurs*. The difficulty about Shakespeare is felt just as acutely by us in the case of a contemporary publication, the Book of Common Prayer. Time seems to have had none of its alleged pecuniary value at this date.

The structure of the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century theatres presented no great inconvenience for

Shakespearian productions. It is true the old platform was fast disappearing into the proscenium arch, but the boxes still stood upon the "apron," the portion of the stage left projecting into the audience, and, whenever extra seating was urgently needed, a wooden "amphitheatre" was run up in front of the backcloth, without the least sense of incongruity. We are obviously still far from the "picture" convention. That did not arrive till the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and we shall not be far out in connecting it with Planché, the historian of costume, who gave a great impetus towards theatrical realism, both in details of dress and scenic elaboration. The first great victim of the new ideal was Charles Kean, who during his tenancy of the Princess's, in the fifties, invented the archaeological Shakespeare revival. A performance of "Richard II." or "The Merchant of Venice" now became an excuse for resuscitating mediæval England or Renaissance Italy. Old annals were ransacked for details of dress, the stage was loaded with piles of solid scenery, and the text was hacked about freely to provide more occasion for spectacle. When Cleopatra's barge was actually to be shown at a cost of £500, why retain some thirty lines of blank verse describing it, which could only fall short of the magnificent reality? But there is no real need to dilate on this type of production; it is one with which everybody is acquainted.

Irving may be said to have grappled, in some measure, with the new Frankenstein. He, and to a greater extent perhaps Forbes Robertson, had an inkling that the advance in stage mechanism might be put at the service of Shakespeare instead of tyrannizing over him, might illustrate without obscuring his purpose. But, whatever their good intentions, they were overwhelmed by Beerbohm Tree. *Toujours de l'audace* was his motto, and, in a succession of revivals which finally provoked revolt, he seethed Shakespeare in the vat of his extravagant imagination. Because he abstained from writing-in lines and scenes, he felt justified in every other outrage, mangling, transposing, inserting whole tableaux and dumb situations of his own. He only once achieved success by this method. It was with "Henry VIII.," and the explanation is simple. That pageant libretto may have been bought by Shakespeare, but he certainly never wrote a line of it.

While rebellion against the whole archaeological and realistic system was maturing, Mr. Oscar Asche suggested a better way. He had not yet opened his penny Oriental bazaar, and was still an artist in whom great hope could be placed. In his memorable revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" he came within an ace of giving a pictorial production that should blend unobtrusively with the spirit of the play, and yet, by a "fugue" of his imagination, just missed it. There was a curious poignancy about the wintry English landscape in which he set the comedy, a note of reproof against the shrill buffoonery of the actors. But that was Mr. Asche's poetry, not Shakespeare's. A producer has no more right to embellish than to disfigure his author.

Meanwhile, more drastic reforms were judged imperative. The experiment was tried of bringing back the Elizabethan stage, *totus teres atque rotundus*. It was disastrous. Conventions unnoticeable in the sixteenth century are stumbling-blocks to-day. Absurdity reached its climax during a revival of this type when Archbishop Chichele in "Henry V." appeared in the "magpie" and frilled sleeves of a Protestant prelate. The new antiquarian pedantry was as bad as the old. Mr. Granville Barker at the Savoy took refuge in curtains and pattern decorations. The subtle aroma of Bunthorne then enveloped everything, and Falstaff would have recoiled coughing from the doors. Again the proper solution was only just missed. In dealing with a problem analogous to the Shakespearian one, the task of arranging "The Dynasts" for the stage,

Mr. Barker displayed both the wrong and the right way of treating it. An attempt to show part of the Battle of Trafalgar against a background of palpable yellow curtains was as flat a failure as could well be imagined. But the scene representing the Beacon on the hill-top with a dim sky backcloth of equal simplicity was an almost incredibly perfect illusion. So long as realistic costumes are worn, we cannot, without a painful jar to the eye, dispense with realistic pictorial scenery. But the simplest scenery is the most convincing. Once this is grasped, our troubles will be over. We shall no longer be getting in the way of Shakespeare.

D. L. M.

MR. TODD TRIUMPHS

WHAT a long way a little touch of psychology will go in our theatre! It need not be very subtle, it may be grossly distorted to adapt it to the philosophy of those for whom the commercial theatre caters, but—a starving man is not particular about cooking. Let the playwright show us however fugitive a trace of reality, cast the most flickering light upon our own minds and feelings, and we roar with gratitude immediately. In "Mr. Todd's Experiment," at the Queen's Theatre, Mr. Walter Hackett cannot be said to do more than this, but he does this much, and by comparison we account what he has written a good play. Better see life caricatured than not see it at all.

Arthur John Carrington was a boy of thirty who had regularly gone to the dogs. He wore soft slippers by his own fireside, sported a beard, like a dirty Bolshevik, and wasted his hours translating Slav poetry. His rich uncle, ready for any sacrifice that would allow him to bask in the reflected glory of his nephew's career, was at his wits' end. Was not the misguided young man on the very verge of refusing a fat Government job? To him in his despair entered (uninvited) the family friend, Mr. Todd.

Mr. Todd (who comes very near being a genuine creation) is a warm-hearted, irrepressible ass, whose hobbies are clairvoyance, sentimentalism and his own infallibility. He knows—not from clairvoyance, but from confidences received—what is the matter with Arthur John. Arthur John has been bruised by life and has ceased making efforts. How has that happened? You perceive the swelling of Todd's bosom as he answers: "Woman!" Forthwith, on a little dream-stage inset in the larger scene, we are shown how A. J. as a schoolboy proposed to the vicar's daughter, who curtly told him she must marry money; how he then offered to console a luscious married lady whose husband ill-treated her, and made the mistake of thinking that, when she begged him (as a gentleman) to leave her, she meant it; how finally he engaged himself to a brisk young actress, and broke it off on learning that she was only just off with the old love before getting on with the new. None of this does much credit, it must be confessed, to A. J. No one expects an adolescent to be more responsible for his actions than a patient under laughing gas, but the combination of stupidity and pettiness is surely rather rare. We generally get Penderennis if we miss Mr. Foker.

Todd now explains that all three of these ladies happen at the moment to be living in London, and proceeds, by methods of "suggestion" as blatant as only he could devise (there is certainly real humour in this Todd), to induce A. J. to dress up and call on them. One of the three, he argues, must surely re-vitalize the lad. Alas! poor Todd! The parson's daughter has become a dyed and flirtatious widow; the luscious enchantress is more seductive than ever, and welcomes A. J. with a warmth that suggests far too much experience in that sort of thing since he last saw her; the brisk young actress has become a keen and successful manageress and feels no vocation to become a cushion on which her old lover may forget the wrong he did her. Upon Todd, jubilating with the rest of the family on the success of the great experiment, there returns the haggard figure of Arthur John, seeking to smother the last stirrings of his manhood in those terrible felt slippers.

But there is a good angel that watches over Todds. In this case her name is Fancy, a poor relative, who (we understand) helps her mother to keep house for Arthur John.

She sees through beard and slippers with the clairvoyance of love and would do anything for him. Todd's gift for creating muddles leads him to talk in a way that makes A. J. believe Fancy is going to marry this elderly maniac. Resentment flares up, then jealousy; a delightful little scene follows in which Fancy with trembling audacity holds on to the misunderstanding that has given her the chance of her life, and Arthur John recovers a motive for living. He calls for a top hat worthy of Mr. Nares and announces his readiness to take that job. The curtain must fall on an embrace, of course, but what sends the spectator away with a happy feeling is the thought that Todd in some distant smoking-room is proclaiming once more his infallible methods of cure.

The play then is an essay in the Barrie style, disfigured, like so much of Barrie's theatrical work, by cheap concessions to the sentimentalism of the stalls, but showing that if the author dared to be himself he could write a first-class psychological satire. In fact, in Todd he has done so. Todd at no point infringes on the ideals or prejudices of the stall-holders, so Todd is allowed to move as truth dictates. Therefore Todd will save the play, and probably win it a run of some hundreds of nights. If this happens, let Mr. Holman Clarke, his impersonator, have the credit he deserves. It is perhaps the finest thing yet done by this fantastic actor, so brilliant when he gets a part that suits him, so much at sea when he is given a rôle that does not. Mr. Fred Kerr is as good in the character of A. J.'s uncle from Manchester, with his robust abomination of Todd and all his works. These two really carry the whole piece through on their shoulders. What there was in Arthur John to tempt an actor of Mr. Owen Nares' intelligence is a mystery. Does he feel it a duty to waste himself on these bread-and-butter parts to gratify his admirers? He would have many more admirers if he would do work worthy of him. Miss Lloyd, Miss Polini and Miss Albanesi are all admirable as A. J.'s three idols; and Miss Marion Lorne, as Fancy, is suggestive of what Miss Hilda Trevelyan would have done with the character. That was exactly what was asked of her.

Correspondence

ART AND THE SCHOOLBOY

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am induced by your article on "New Year's Suggestions" (ATHENÆUM, January 2) to relate what I did many years ago for encouraging the love of art and music among my pupils at Eton, where I was a Master from 1860 to 1875.

I travelled much abroad, and generally returned with a number of artistic photographs. I had these simply framed and lent them to my boys to hang up in their rooms so as to displace the commonplace pictures which their taste had chosen. When they left I often allowed them to take away with them any picture which they specially preferred; and I know that this had a considerable effect in forming their taste. One of my pupils was accidentally drowned at Oxford, and when I visited his parents I found that they had hung in their drawing-room the pictures which had adorned his rooms at Balliol, and they were all works of art of which he had made the acquaintance in my house. Also I was every other Saturday at home to my friends, and provided for them first-rate chamber music played by artists from London. These concerts the elder boys were allowed to attend. I knew that a large proportion of my pupils would be wealthy patrons of art and music, and I thought it extremely important that they should be brought up to appreciate the very best in these departments.

This practice was disliked by some of my colleagues, and especially by the Head Master, who thought it effeminate and demoralizing, and it eventually brought about my dismissal. Looking back after more than forty years, I am quite satisfied with the results, and think that the good I did was cheaply purchased by the loss which I suffered. I hope that others will not be deterred from following my example.

Yours faithfully,

OSCAR BROWNING.

Palazzo Simonetti,

Via Pietro Cavallini, Roma,

January 12, 1920.

THE NEGLECT OF OLD ENGLISH HISTORY

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—May I venture to point out a novel, valuable, and interesting feature in the October number of *History: the Quarterly Journal of the Historical Association*? On its pages from 176 to 180 the main lines of historical research as pursued at three English universities—those, namely, of Leeds, London and Manchester—are indicated; and the titles of the theses submitted, the names of the candidates, and the names and titles of the professorial directors are given. The period covered is from 1911 to 1918. The total number of theses is 106. The University of Leeds has furnished 20 theses, that of London 67 and that of Manchester 19. Only one university has produced a thesis relating to England before the Norman Conquest. This thesis elucidates the importance of Winchester as the capital city of England from the tenth to the twelfth century. It was prepared by Mr. P. Meadows (M.A., Lond.), under the direction of Mr. Hubert Hall, as long ago as 1911. The position then is—out of 106 historical theses submitted at three English universities in eight years, only one deals with Old English history. This is less than 1 per cent. I will leave comment to others.

In the bibliographical lists appended by Dr. R. W. Chambers to his admirable work on "Widsith" (1912), no fewer than 167 works connected with his subject, or elucidatory thereof, are noted. Out of 29 periodicals consulted, 3 are English; out of 21 editions, 7 are English; of 12 comments or translations without text, 2 are English; and out of 105 editions of O.E. poems and related works, 83 are foreign and 22 English. The period covered is one of eighty-five years. The subject of research is the oldest Germanic poem known, and, as Dr. Chambers pointed out in *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*, 1915, p. 158, the only editor who had attempted comment and explanation in the thirty years previous to 1912 was Professor F. Holthausen.

On November 7, 1917, Professor Flinders Petrie read a paper before the British Academy entitled "Neglected British History." He was dealing, it will be remembered, with the history of this island in Brythonic times. His vigorous attack was acquiesced in to a certain degree by Dr. R. W. Chambers, who revealed the fact to us in *History* for April, 1919, p. 45, that English scholars had been waiting for 330 years for an edition of Geoffrey of Monmouth's "Historia Regum Britannie" which would not be dependent upon the whims of a sixteenth-century German printer (sc. Jerome Crommelin of Heidelberg, 1587); which would be reliable; and which would take into account the twenty-seven MSS. of Geoffrey's "Historia" which are in the British Museum and which were written in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. As Dr. Chambers said: "This is deplorable." Not one printed English text is independent of the German edition. Is it to be wondered at that Professor Flinders Petrie should have found occasion to complain of the neglect of British history?

Yours obediently,

ALFRED ANSCOMBE.

30, Albany Road, Stroud Green, N.4.

RENOIR AND THEORIES OF ART

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The apotheosis of Renoir in your issue of January 23 implies that all the world is prepared to join in the paean. Of course, anybody has a right to publish a personal opinion; but no one has the right to assume that his opinion is shared by everybody else, and to adopt the first-person-plural pronoun and other tricks of style in order to simulate support to the assumption. In a matter like art ideals, such an assumption becomes an offence to those who differ.

The views of the writer of the article are, in fact, shared by an extremely small minority of art-enthusiasts in this country. That perhaps is the occasion of a disingenuous method of vilifying the aims and work of past masters. It is a resource of the commercial traveller in finding customers for his new wares; but it is regrettable in the domain of culture.

When one has come at some meaning of the writer's more obscure passages, by tearing aside the verbiage, the falseness of his postulates grows more and more glaring. He talks

of an idea and a theory of Renoir's, but explains them only by invoking a contrast with the ideals of the pure impressionists which he presents as "disconcertingly silly." He speaks of "that superior necessity of overturning pictorial values"—amazing arrogation! Whose is the necessity? Perhaps it is the necessity of those who are "tired of questioning Nature with the eyes"? If so, let them rest themselves—to the great advantage of all; for those who grow tired are those who cannot succeed. Turner never grew tired. The author speaks of "the terrible 'lighting'" of the landscape impressionists. What, one may ask, is a greater factor in the graphic arts than lighting? If painters are to bow to any god, it must be to the sun, who alone makes Nature visible, who alone makes effect possible. Yet the author deplors that in earlier work "the effect becomes the theme." Certainly it does, and that not only to painters, but to ordinary folk who are moved by the beauties of Nature.

But the apologists of the new "isms" admittedly find themselves tired of Nature. They therefore fall back upon themselves and their "abstractions." They have propounded pseudo-metaphysical theories to fit these abstractions, and with them they flood our journals. They claim discoveries. One is "the divine laws of equilibrium" (in which Renoir is said to have collaborated with Cézanne). This, whatever it may mean, has special reference to pictures which show what is claimed as the secret of Nature's stability, and it does so with "rounded masses" which "roll one over the other." Comment is unnecessary.

So far from an apotheosis, what would be much more acceptable to level-headed people is a dirge at the advent of this reaction in the world of art; or, to use the author's own expression, at "the ridiculousness of these after-dinner theories, in which metaphysics often fills more space than painting."

Having thus wisely apprehended the futility of metaphysics on the part of the older painters, why could not the writer of the article see them also as undesired in the attempts of the new?

The Fine Art of Painting deals with the appearances of things only, otherwise all past work and criticism is wrong. To claim that it can be reduced to what is nothing but expository diagrams of the painter's turgid introspections is not only "disconcertingly silly"; it is a serious crime against the past and the future of Art.

Yours truly,

F. C. TILNEY.

Walden, Cheam, Surrey, January 24, 1920.

"SCOTS"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Mr. Erskine of Marr is really quite wrong. Scots is Scots, and Gaelic is Gaelic. Scots is not "a dialect of English," as Mr. Erskine calls it. It is a language quite as good as English and quite as ancient. Mr. Erskine again is mistaken in writing of the language of Gavin Douglas (my collateral ancestor) and Burns as if they were the same language. Burns wrote what might loosely be described as a dialect of English. He wrote English with a liberal sprinkling of Scots words. Douglas on the other hand, like James of "The King's Quhair" and "Auld Dunbar," wrote pure Scots. To deny the existence of "Scots" as a language, quite distinct from Gaelic on the one hand and English on the other, is simply fantastic.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS.

Shelley's Folly, Lewes, Sussex,
January 23, 1920.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—It appears then that Mr. Erskine's quarrel is not with your reviewer, but with Gavin Douglas and those who followed him in calling their language "Scots"; and he insists upon "the claim of Gaelic to that title" (ATHENÆUM, January 23). But the Gaelic-speaking people no longer want it. "Scottis" or "Scots" is not grammatically a Gaelic form, and that people have for more centuries than we need count called themselves Gáidheal or Gael and their language Gaelic. It was Lowlanders like Mr. Erskine who persisted in calling them Scots. Douglas and his successors found it desirable to

distinguish their own standard literary language from that of England. Though developed from Northumbrian, it was then just as little or as much of a "dialect" as the literary English developed from East Mercian. To mark the difference in the literary languages the Scottish writers, from the name of their country, applied the form "Scottis" or "Scots." Or are we to drop the name "Scotland" also, and confine it to the region north of "the Scots Water" of old—the Forth? Or go the whole hog and return "Scotia" to Ireland, which has the first historic claim to the title? There is no reason, even in pedantry, to reverse a long-standing and convenient usage. For myself, as a Gael, it is a matter of ironic pleasure, of which I do not wish to be deprived, that the northern kingdom should be distinguished by name, dress, weapons, and music borrowed from the people whom the Lowland element once so heartily despised.

Yours, &c.,

Scottish Arts Club,
Edinburgh.

W. MACKAY MACKENZIE.

[This correspondence must now close.—ED.]

THE FIRST FOLIO POEM INITIALLED "I. M."

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—May I ask in your columns whether a set of coincidences discovered by me in the First Folio prefatory matter be a mere chance set, or a purposely arranged set?

Until within living memory the general supposition was that "I. M." stands for John Marston, and I happen always to have preferred such supposition to the modern suggestions of James Mabbe or Jasper Mayne. Hence, remembering having come across an arguable reference to a letter-number code in some Marston poem or play, I one day applied several codes to "I. M.'s" poem.

The absurd hyphens in line 2 seemed a conceivable *filum labyrinthi*. The repetition of the opening word as the first word of line 3 seemed another. The eight lines or chessboard depth of the poem seemed yet another.

I discarded the superfluous hyphens so as to get only lexicon words, found that a three rows deep top could only occur in a letter F, and, as no full chessboard of word-values is obtainable owing to the shortness of some lines, had to experiment with the first four columns of lexicon words as equal to half a chessboard.

With only one code, the positional order of letters, or $A = 1$ to $Z = 24$ code, could I get any noteworthy result. But this was really noteworthy.

Here, first, are the words and values of the half chessboard area:

WEE	wondred	Shake-speare	that	31	78	103	47
From	the	World's	Stage	49	32	85	50
Wee	thought	thee	dead	31	95	37	14
Tels	thy	Spectators	that	53	50	129	47
To	enter	with	applause	33	59	57	86
Can	dye	and	live	17	32	18	45
That's	but	an	Exit	65	41	14	55
This	a	Re-entrance	to	54	1	98	33

And next the "frame" of outside values, and the conceivably hinted-at F:

31	78	103	47	31	78	103	47
49			50	49	32	85	50
31			14	31	95	37	14
53			47	53			
33			86	33	59	57	
17			45	17			
65			55	65			
54	1	98	33	54			

Now for the coincidences: (1) Both the "frame" and the F total 990 in word numerical value; (2) in both instances the colour of square division is 439 White and 551 Black when all 32 squares are placed on a chessboard; (3) the cross-sum for all 32 values, 280, is divided as three top rows 103, five bottom rows 177, while the colour of square vision as regards all eight rows is in exactly similar proportion.

Neither I nor any acquaintance, Sir, can see how such a set of coincidences can be explainable as a result of mere chance.

Respectfully yours,

J. D. PARSONS.

Foreign Literature

A SPANISH TREATISE ON ENGLISH EDUCATION

LA EDUCACIÓN EN INGLATERRA. Por José Castillejo. (Madrid, Ediciones de "La Lectura." 12 ptas.)

EVERYBODY who chanced to meet Señor Castillejo on any of his recent visits to this country must have been struck by the variety of his interests as well as by the alertness of his intelligence. It was manifest that Spain, acting through the Junta de Ampliación de Estudios, was exceptionally fortunate in her choice of an educational representative. Most of the data in the present elaborate volume were already collected as far back as 1914, when war broke out; as the moment was not propitious for publication, there was nothing for it but to await a more favourable opportunity.

It may be said at once that the book was well worth waiting for. Señor Castillejo has given us a very thorough piece of work. Some of it necessarily takes the form of schedules and synopses, and this schematic feature—a synthesis of many of the works noted in the extensive bibliography which occupies double columns on pp. 647-659—is probably regarded by the author as the most valuable part of his compilation. Unquestionably it is the section of the book on which most labour has been spent, and doubtless this will be the verdict of Spaniards who use the volume mainly for purposes of reference. English readers, however, will probably turn with most interest to the Introduction, and to the final chapter, both of which were manifestly written after the body of the volume was completed.

It is not difficult to guess on which side the author's sympathies lay during the recent struggle; his handsome acknowledgment of indebtedness for general inspiration to the late Francisco Giner de los Ríos is tantamount to an avowal on this head. There was, we take it, a moment at the outset when Señor Castillejo shuddered at the possibility that our entire educational system might perforce have to yield to more specialized methods. He is no indiscriminating admirer. Obviously he sees the weak points in a scheme which tends to produce an excessive multiplicity of examinations, and the complete separation which often exists between teachers and examiners. Much as he favours specialism, Señor Castillejo is far too shrewd to ignore the conspicuous advantages of a less stereotyped plan in developing individual character.

Ese es, acaso, uno de los secretos de la civilización inglesa: una gran cantidad de fuerza personal almacenada en cada individuo por una educación liberal, se canaliza para la vida en un estrecho cauce con un empuje irresistible.

This (p. 404) is a distinct personal expression of opinion, comparatively rare in the present volume.

The author has aimed at giving us a useful and complete account of our educational position. His success is undoubted in dealing with the past. It may be that one or two expressions towards the end of his Introduction are unduly pessimistic in tone. These, however, are concerned mainly with the future. Señor Castillejo has not the brilliant suggestiveness of M. Max Leclerc, but he is nowise inferior to his French predecessor in accuracy of information.

J. F.-K.

"Headmaster" writes to point out that the second sentence of the second paragraph of his letter on "Compulsory Greek at Oxford" in last week's ATHENÆUM (p. 152) should have read: "nor is there any reason to suppose that a 'modern' professor, a high-class Government official or a retired Headmaster would have any greater knowledge" (not "any Greek knowledge").

THE PLACE OF M. BOURGET

LAURENCE ALBANI. Par Paul Bourget. (Paris, Plon-Nourrit. 5fr.)

M. PAUL BOURGET has achieved a distinction somewhat rare, if by no means unheard-of in the world of letters. That world has not waited till his death to make up its mind as to his position in it. It has decided upon his particular niche, and has set him therein. It has reviewed the product of over forty years, of enormous energy and industry allied to wide culture and a wider curiosity, and has formed a definite opinion of its value, an opinion which posterity is unlikely to reverse. That opinion must, one imagines, bring some contentment to M. Bourget as he looks back upon his work. The wild and extravagant praise of early days may be gone, but there has come in its place something better. He is to-day, as he must know himself to be, already an institution. The niche accorded to him is that of a classic, a minor classic if you will, but still a classic.

M. Bourget owes much to the influence of other writers, and much also to himself for the influence which he has resisted. His early poetry, delicately classical

(O fantômes des temps d'autrefois, fleurs fanées !),

shows the inspiration of Lamartine and Musset, perhaps also of his contemporary François Coppée. He has studied Balzac faithfully. The Abbé Dimnet has declared that he is the nearest approach to Balzac we have to-day. If that be so, he is a Balzac in little, of the drawing-room. The ideas of Taine have influenced him. Of his contemporaries, he has not escaped the attraction of M. Barrès, his junior by eight or nine years. Few French writers of to-day have. But before M. Barrès had come to power he had resisted a more crude temptation. He had refused to run before the chariot of Zola. A solitary standard-bearer, he had kept flying his standard, on which was emblazoned "le roman psychologique," in face of that then all-conquering banner bearing the device "le roman naturaliste." The school of Zola fell, but M. Bourget continued rejoicing on his way.

For forty years he has been analysing sentiments and studying emotions. He has recognized very clearly his own powers and limitations. He is not a creator; he is an analyst. And he has analysed chiefly the sentiments of one class: the *high-life*, Paris society. He has always been obsessed by sex. That subtle, super-civilized creature that is the Parisienne of the cultured and idle classes—alas for Paris and for us all that the two should be so often synonymous!—he has "collected" with the passion of a butterfly-hunter. Her doubts and passions, her treasons and fits of remorse, he has examined with the patience and enthusiasm of the connoisseur. Her male companion, brilliant and unstable, has interested him only less. He has painted quite a picture-gallery of weak-kneed heroes. He has, in fact, sometimes seemed to suggest that it is men of the finest susceptibilities, such as Hubert Liauran of "Cruelle Enigme" and Vincent La Croix of "La Duchesse bleue," who are most inevitably doomed to failure and disappointment in their contact with the world.

But he has not been merely an analyst; he has dabbled to some extent in politics and propaganda. The Dean of St. Paul's sees the world resolving itself into blacks and reds, reactionaries and revolutionaries. M. Bourget is definitely a black. It would be impertinent to ask whether he is a traditionalist because he is a Catholic, or a Catholic because he is a traditionalist; it is a fact that he is both. And because he is both he is, or was—for he may have "rallied" like some other good Frenchmen since the war—a royalist, at least in theory. Royalty represents to him the continuity of tradition. France's worst danger, he thought with MM. Barrès, Maurras, and other disciples

of Taine, was forgetfulness of tradition. The religious tradition and the family tradition were alike neglected. So M. Bourget added a device to his standard, and sat down to write "L'Étape" and "Un Divorce." Of them it need only be said that there is no need to go to them for an understanding of French nationalism. "Les Déracinés" is still the first and last word on that subject. But it is perhaps to be noted that with English readers M. Bourget's reputation has suffered owing to the fact that his political ideas are "unfashionable" with English critics at the moment; just as M. Anatole France has gained additional glory in their eyes for the opposite reason.

In his latest book, "Laurence Albani," there are no politics. Neither is it a novel of the aristocracy, though the slight sketch of an aristocrat in the book, an Englishwoman, Lady Agnes Vernham, is masterly, and in the author's best manner. It is also a portrait that no other French observer could have drawn. M. Bourget has studied the English he has met in London and on the Riviera to some purpose.

Laurence Albani is the daughter of a peasant proprietor, cultivating a few acres of ancestral soil near Hyères. The family had been prosperous and growing in importance before the Revolution, "about to cross the boundary between the bourgeoisie and the nobility." But the forced subdivision of property had gradually brought it down. The father of Laurence retains some traces of refinement; her brother and sister are frankly peasants. The girl herself is physically and mentally a "throw-back" to her pre-Revolution ancestry. Her difference from the rest is accentuated by the two years she spends as companion to Lady Agnes, travelling in France and Italy, and at Vernham Manor in England. On the death of her patroness she returns to her family, which she loves genuinely; and very soon, as might be expected, "innumerable little details of the daily life began to grate upon the *quasi-demoiselle* that she had become." Her too-fine sensibilities are continually being wounded by her surroundings.

Then comes a chance to return to the life of delicacy and refinement that she has lived with Lady Agnes. She is courted by two men: Pierre Libertat, a rich young bourgeois sportsman, and Pascal Couture, a small cultivator like her father, whom she has known from childhood. Pascal she loves for his gentleness and the poetry in him, but to marry him will be to fasten herself to such a life as her parents'. With Pierre she will be a *châtelaine*. The struggle is a hard one, but the outcome inevitable. She gives up her dreams.

Elle avait compris que cette délicatesse des choses, tant goûtée par elle chez lady Agnès, n'était que la transposition d'une autre délicatesse: celle du cœur. Cette délicatesse-là, elle la rencontrait, vivante et complète, dans cet humble camarade de son enfance, et, continuant de le contempler avec une émotion attendrie, elle répéta: "Non, je ne t'ai pas préféré. Je t'ai aimé."

The book is a truly delightful excursion into a new field. It will not add very much to its author's reputation. Certainly we do not imagine that it will rank with "André Cornélis" or that charming "nouvelle," "La Dame qui a perdu son Peintre." It is written by a man still in the full enjoyment of his powers, a master of his craft, if ever there was one; but by a man who has done with the ardours of youth and is drawing near to old age. It is written with the polish of great technical skill. There is more action in it than in some of his previous works, and it escapes the risk of dullness, as some of them do not. But M. Bourget's faults and merits are what they were. His danger still is, as Mr. Gosse noted a good many years ago, a dalliance with "interminable psychological reflections until our attention has betrayed us." His supreme merits are imagination and insight into the characters of his age. It is by reason of them that his fifty volumes are definitely a part of French literature.

Exactly thirty-five years ago, on the 9th of February, 1885, M. Bourget dedicated "Cruelle Enigme" to Henry James, between whose work and his own there are so many points of similitude. In that dedication he laid down a formula which he considered every novelist, of no matter what school, must follow:

Nous tombions d'accord que les lois imposées au romancier par les diverses esthétiques se ramènent en définitive à une seule: donner une impression personnelle de la Vie.

He has been doing that ever since, and his impressions are worth reading.

C. F.

ANTON TCHEHOV

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE (1860-1887)

PART II.*

IN August, 1879, Anton went to Moscow to enter the University. He took with him two schoolfellows as lodgers, and this made it possible for the family to take a better flat. At that time, after many vain efforts, Anton's father at last got a job as clerk in the stores of a merchant, for which he was paid forty roubles a month and was lodged free of charge. He came to see his family and children but rarely, and they could not exist on so little money. And so Anton, from the very moment of his arrival, took the household on his youthful shoulders. All worked hard to alleviate the family's material circumstances. That winter, Anton sent to a humorous paper called *The Dragon Fly* a story entitled "A Letter to My Learned Neighbour." He was looked upon as the master of the house, and the father. His will was law, his opinion always considered, and "who knows"—writes his brother—"what would have happened to our family, in the absence of Alexander and Nicolay, if Anton, had not come at that time from Taganrog?" The need for money set Anton writing stories, Nicolay drew caricatures, Ivan prepared to be an elementary school teacher, and little Michael copied lectures for undergraduates. The mother and Marie worked very hard. "It was a touching reunion of all the members of the family, gathered round Anton, and bound together by sincere, sympathetic friendship," writes his brother. "What will Anton say? What will Anton think of it? How will Anton regard it?" became the watchwords of the family. His literary successes and failures were followed with the fervent sympathies of all of them.

In 1884 Tchegov left the University—a doctor, and very soon he began to practise in a Zemstvo hospital in Tchikino, under a well-known doctor-therapist, Archangelsky. There he looked after the peasants and grew to know their life and the life of the poor generally. After a few months, Tchegov, at the request of a doctor-friend on temporary leave of absence, became the head doctor of a Zemstvo hospital in Zvenigorod, where he had a mixed medical practice, attended at inquests and was the medical expert to the courts.

The summer of 1885 Tchegov and his family spent at Babkino with the Kissyelkofs, with whom they had spent three previous summers. The Kissyelkofs were a rare, talented family. The cousin of the well-known diplomatist count, Kissyelkov was married to Marie Vladimirovna Begitchev, director of the Moscow Imperial Theatres. He was an author and an art connoisseur, and the Tchegov brothers loved to hear of his adventures in Russia and abroad. Marie Vladimirovna was also a writer. She and her husband were the friends of Tchahovsky, Dargomyzhsky and Salvini. There were long discussions in their home on music, literature and the theatre.

Anton's brother Michael thus describes their life in Babkino: "We used to get up very early. At about seven o'clock in the morning Anton would sit down at his table and begin to write. At that time he contributed to a Moscow paper, *Oskolki* ["Splinters"], and to the *Petersburg Gazette* in Petersburg, and in all those stories one would find some scene or other from the life at Babkino, this or that character, the hosts or guests, or the people from the villages close by. Dinner was served at one o'clock. After dinner the whole company would go off to the Daragonov woods to gather

mushrooms. Anton was passionately fond of gathering mushrooms, and while walking in the woods he more easily found subjects for his stories. Near the Daragonov woods there stood a lonely church which always captured his attention. Service was held there only once a year, but at night the sombre pealing of the bell would reach Babkino as the watchman rang the hours. That church with the night-watchman's hut by the wayside gave Anton the idea for his "Witch" and "The Evil Deed." Back from the woods, Anton wrote again or played croquet; at eight o'clock supper was served. Afterwards, the Tchehovs would go to the Kissyelkovs' big house. Kissyelkov and Begitchev sat at the table playing patience, the tenor; Vladislavlyev, sang and the governess, Elisabeth Alexandrovna, accompanied him. All the Tchehovs would sit round Marie Vladimirovna and listen to her stories of foreign countries, of Tchahovsky, Dargomyzhsky, Salvini. I can positively affirm that Tchegov's love of music developed from that particular time. Anton would make jokes, was always gay and talked nonsense. The painter, T. T. Levitan, who was also at Babkino, drew Crimean scenes in the album, and Anton wrote funny descriptions under them. On these evenings a great deal was talked about literature and art; the names of Tourgeniev, Pissemsky and Schedrin were ever recurring with enthusiasm. They also read a great deal. All the serious periodicals and newspapers were received. Thanks to the cheerfulness of nature and to the charming people, Anton Tchegov was gay. He wrote, he was praised by the critics, they foretold a brilliant future for him, he was well in health. Sometimes during the summer evenings Levitan and he would dress up in Persian gowns; Anton would black his face with soot and don a turban, and taking a gun he would go to the other side of the river. Then Levitan would arrive there riding on a donkey, get down, put a carpet on the ground and, in Mohammedan fashion, pray to the East. Suddenly, from behind the bushes, Anton Tchegov, as a Bedouin, would come up stealthily and fire blank cartridge, Levitan would fall backward, and a perfectly Oriental scene follow. Or, at other times, Levitan would be brought before the court. Kissyelkov was the President, Anton Tchegov the Crown Prosecutor, for which purpose he would wear a proper make-up. Both were in uniform embroidered with gold. Anton Tchegov's presentation speech made the company roar with laughter."

Everything would have been all right but for the scarcity of money. From the *Oskolki* Tchegov received very little, and had the right to publish only a definite number of lines per month, and the *Petersburg Gazette* very often withheld payment. That is why Anton Tchegov had very often to remind his editors of his money difficulties and to ask for the money that he had earned.

To these money troubles a new anxiety was added. In 1886 Anton Tchegov had a hæmorrhage of the lungs. It meant consumption, but he believed little in it, or consoled himself that it was not consumption, but just an ordinary hæmorrhage, and he therefore tried to be gay just as usual, going about with his friends and attaching no significance to the state of his health. When he returned to Moscow, his sleep was troubled, he "twitched" in his sleep, ground his teeth. Later on, when he lived on his estate at Melikhovo, he used to get frightened at night, dreaming of a "black monk." This dream he used as the theme of a story.

In 1880 Tchegov began writing for the *Novoye Vremya*, which started a new feature especially for him—a Saturday supplement. From henceforward he attributed no more importance to his work for the *Oskolki*; a far bigger field of activity had opened for him. Under the influence of Grigorovitch, who was the first to salute his talent, Tchegov began to take his literary activities far more seriously. There occurred a crisis in his literary activity and in his outlook on life; he became more judicious and less and less gay, giving himself completely to literature. He continued to cough very much during the night. Still, as before, he liked to see people round him, could not dispense with them, and would give parties to young people, mostly to Conservatoire and University students.

In 1887 Tchegov took a trip to the South of Russia, and visited his native place; his letters written to his sister on the journey are full of wit. On returning to Moscow, he wrote his play "Ivanov," which was staged by Korsh. With this play the first period of his literary activity ends.

* Part I. appeared in THE ATHENÆUM for January 23.

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

***Chesterton (Gilbert Keith).** THE SUPERSTITION OF DIVORCE. Chatto & Windus, 1920. 8 in. 5/ n. 173.1

"The philosophic peculiarity of divorce and remarriage, as compared with free love and no marriage, is that a man breaks and makes a promise at the same time." Marriage is a divine institution. That is the basis of Mr. Chesterton's reasoned attack on legal divorce. Divorce "is not the dissolution of the legal obligation of marriage . . . for the simple reason that no such obligation exists." Marriage is more fundamental than institutions and contracts, being a relation established by nature for the renewal of the race. Though Mr. Chesterton hardly adds anything new to the controversy, his book is an interesting study in style. Critics are calling attention to polyphonic prose as something new. He has long been writing it.

Muscio (Bernard). LECTURES ON INDUSTRIAL PSYCHOLOGY. Routledge, 1920. 8 in. 304 pp. index, 6/6 n. 150
See review, p. 180.

Redgrove (H. Stanley) and Rowbottom (Jeanne Héloïse). THE INDICTMENT OF WAR: compiled from the works of the world's greatest minds. Containing many passages from the works of foreign authors now for the first time translated into English. Daniel, 1919. 9 in. 548 pp. bibliog. index, 10/6 n. 172.4

This book is a notable achievement. It is an ably chosen garner from the writings of distinguished people of all ages who have condemned war, from Buddha, Aristophanes, and Bacchylides to Thomas Hardy and Miss Maude Royden. Full references are given, and the authors are arranged alphabetically. Of course an equally remarkable collection might be made of pronouncements in defence or praise of war, men being divided on this subject into two diametrically opposed schools of thought.

Rolle (Richard) of Hampole. THE OFFICIUM AND MIRACULA. Edited by Reginald Maxwell Woolley. S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 97 pp. 3 il. index, 5/ n. 189.5

The Latin text of these two works of the mediæval monk and mystic is presented here from a collation of the three existing MSS., with variant readings in footnotes, and an excursus on the life of Richard Rolle of Hampole and on the MSS. as an introduction. The "Office" has been twice printed before, but apparently not the "Miracula." Both works are main sources for records of Rolle's life.

200 RELIGION.

Watson (Albert D.). THREE COMRADES OF JESUS ("Heart and Life Booklets," 36). Allenson [1919]. 6½ in. 60 pp. paper, 1/ n. 225.92

Short biographical sketches of Peter, James and John, written in everyday language.

Williams (J. Herbert). INSPIRATION. Sands, 1919. 7½ in. 248 pp. index, 5/ n. 260

Briefly and clearly the author discusses and explains the position of the Roman Catholic Church in relation to the divine inspiration of the Scriptures. The Church, he says, holds that the books of the Old and New Testaments "have God for their Author and . . . are delivered . . . to the Church herself." The author's comment is that this "is Plenary Inspiration beyond any mistaking." He defends also the doctrine of Verbal Inspiration, and states that it is approved by the Church. The book embodies quotations from the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. "Providentissimus Deus," as well as references to some of the opinions expressed by Cardinal Franzelin.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Parmoor (Sir Charles Alfred Cripps, 1st Baron), Paish (Sir George), and others. THE FAMINE IN EUROPE: THE FACTS AND SUGGESTED REMEDIES: being a report of the International Economic Conference called by the Fight the Famine Council, and held at Caxton Hall, Westminster, on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of November, 1919. Swarthmore Press, 1920. 10 in. 126 pp. app. paper, 4/6 n. 330.6

The impressive report of the Conference convened by the Fight the Famine Council, in which distinguished economists, medical authorities and other persons of eminence took part, sets forth many distressing facts as to the terrible condition of the populations of Central Europe and Russia, where there exists a shortage of food and fuel. With reference to milk, Miss Emily Balch states that in Germany, Austria and Bulgaria there is actual need. Switzerland is short of milk. France has suffered "most seriously and grievously" (Sir George Paish). Italy is in much the same situation as France. In numerous areas there is a paralysis of transport, with consequent dislocation of industry. "In Russia there was a complete breakdown of credit" (Sir George Paish).

The second part of the report deals with suggested remedies for this appalling state of things. The resolutions passed by the Conference, six in number, are given *in extenso*. Among them is a recommendation that a world conference of economists, Government representatives, and co-operators should be summoned to deal with the high cost of living, the difficulties of exchange, and the necessity for providing credit for European countries.

Winship (A. E.). DANGER SIGNALS FOR TEACHERS. Chicago, Forbes & Co., 1919. 7½ in. 204 pp., \$1.25 n. 371

The teaching profession is no exception to the general rule that every business or vocation has its special dangers. "The war has placed education on the throne in all democracies; it has made a real demand for statesmen in education . . . it will largely have failed if it does not develop these statesmen. Nagging makes a teacher ridiculous; bossing is the short route to control; but leadership is the only sane way." Teachers must remember that there are physical, intellectual, and social changes in every boy and girl every twelve months. The writer discourses at large on "real democracy in education," and drops useful hints such as those quoted above. He also drops curious Americanisms like "dicker" and "putter" which are beyond ordinary English comprehension.

400 PHILOLOGY.

Ferlin (M.). IL PICCOLO VOCABOLARIO: a list of two thousand Italian words arranged in logical groups for sentence building ("Harrap's Modern Language Series"). Harrap [1920]. 5 in. 72 pp. paper, 8d. n. 453.2

Of a size convenient for the waistcoat pocket, this little vocabulary contains four series of five hundred words each, the words being arranged in groups of ten. The system of classification adopted is excellent.

Pickles (Frederick and John E.). HOME AND SCHOOL EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION THROUGH READING: JUNIOR BOOK. Dent [1920]. 7½ in. 94 pp. apps., 1/3 n. 428.6

Part I. of a series of books designed to teach the art of composition by the "direct method," *i.e.*, not by the study of grammatical rules, but by careful observation of the works of good writers. The authors quoted include Freeman and Dickens. Each extract is followed by searching exercises.

Roper (A. G.). ALBUM LATINUM: an easy Latin Vocabulary for preparatory schools and the lower forms of Public Schools. Oxford, Blackwell, 1919. 7 in. 36 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 473

The suggestive and explanatory footnotes to each of the thirty sub-sections into which this vocabulary is divided will be of considerable assistance to the user of the text, and constitute a capital feature of an excellent little book.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

***Coward (T. A.).** THE BIRDS OF THE BRITISH ISLES AND THEIR EGGS. First Series. Warne, 1919. 6½ in. 376 pp. il., index, 12/6 n. 598.2

There is certainly room for this compendious, well-illustrated, well-printed, well-arranged handbook of British birds. The

242 coloured illustrations are reproduced from the pictures made by Archibald Thorburn and others for Lord Lilford's "Coloured Figures," and there are 65 photographs by Richard Kearton and others. The illustrations of the eggs are taken from Hewitson. Mr. Coward writes well, and, like a wise man, is not afraid of emphasizing the personal element in his knowledge, and many of his descriptions are of the rare kind which allures not merely the grown-up, but also the boy naturalist. We congratulate the author and the publisher most sincerely on this first part of their work. It comprises families Corvidæ to Sulidæ.

600 USEFUL ARTS.

Barton (Frank Townend). THE COTTAGER'S PIG: being a practical treatise on pig-keeping for the small-holder and cottager. Jarrolds, 1919. 7½ in. 63 pp. il., 2/6 n. 636.4

A useful little manual by a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.

Boulnois (Helen). THE DOMINION OF HEALTH ("Rider's Mind and Body Handbooks," 12). Rider & Son, 1919. 7 in. 77 pp., 1/6 n. 615.851

The writer lays stress upon the value of auto-suggestion in the maintenance of good health, and declares that by the attainment of "mastery of body through the power of mind" great benefit results. The remarks concerning the proper way of resting are noteworthy.

Gordon (A. Knyvett). HEALTH IN THE HOME. Jarrolds, 1919. 7½ in. 245 pp. front. apps. index, 5/ n. 613.5

Beginning with the postulate that if we learn something of the way in which maladies attack the human body we shall acquire a knowledge of methods of training and strengthening the defensive powers of the body, and thus become able to prevent numerous illnesses, the author discusses the body as a machine, together with some of the factors which operate as driving forces. He then describes various common symptoms, and states the diseases to which they may each be due. By the use of the index the process can be reversed. Cures are not suggested because they are dependent upon an examination of the individual. Nor are school hygiene, surgical first aid, and home nursing included in the scope of the work. There are excellent volumes on these subjects. But there is much in the present book which may be read with considerable advantage.

***Sarsfield (James).** INSECT PESTS AND HOW TO BEAT THEM: including notes on plant diseases, soils, and manures. Pearson, 1919. 7½ in. 202 pp. il. app. index, 3/6 n. 632

The author deals in an interesting and practical manner with farm, garden, orchard, greenhouse, and soil pests; considers them from the small-holder's standpoint; includes much that is useful concerning defensive and offensive measures which may be adopted against our insect foes; and discusses fungoid diseases of plants, the chemistry of fertilizers, and the like.

700 FINE ARTS.

Hayden (Arthur). BYE-PATHS IN CURIO COLLECTING. Fisher Unwin, 1919. 9 in. 462 pp. il. index, 21/ n. 739

This is another of Mr. Hayden's useful books. He classifies a heterogeneous collection of objects in a practical, if slightly unscientific way under such headings as "Boxes," "Man and Fire," "The Land," "The Boudoir," etc. One might not look immediately for spinning-wheels under the third of these headings; but there is a fairly good index. Mr. Hayden's advice is sound, and his insistence that the function of the curio collector is to rescue *works of art* is welcome in these days of indiscriminate high prices. The half-tone illustrations are clear.

***Photograms of the Year 1919:** the annual review of the world's pictorial photographic work. Edited by F. J. Mortimer. Iliffe [1920]. 11½ in. 32 pp. 64 pl. paper, 5/ n. 779

The well-known annual attains with this number its 24th year, and is more diversified than ever, and above the average in accomplishment. War-pictures are conspicuously few, though "Day breaks, cold, shrieking, and bloody," by Capt. Bostock and C. W. Bostock, is powerful. Pictorial photography naturally draws its inspiration from the painters: what struck a visitor to the salon most was the number of

photographers who manage to convey the style and mannerisms of individual artists.

790 AMUSEMENTS, GAMES, SPORTS.

Ker (Jo), pseud. THE NEW PATIENCE; OR, SOLITAIRE FOR TWO. With rules of play, hints to players, and score-sheets. McBride, Nast & Co. [1919]. 7 in. 72 pp., 2/ n. 795

The old games of patience are adapted for two players.

Marshall (Robert). THE HAUNTED MAYOR. Simpkin & Marshall [1919]. 6½ in. 192 pp., 2/6 n. 796

The new edition of this amusing skit on golf and golfers is illustrated by Harry Furniss.

800 LITERATURE.

Cervantes Saavedra (Miguel de).

***Schevill (Rudolph).** CERVANTES ("Master Spirits of Literature"). Murray, 1919. 8 in. 392 pp. bibliog. index, 7/6 n. 863.32

It is, perhaps, not altogether remarkable that so few details remain to us of the youth of Cervantes, for his father Rodrigo, a struggling "médico cirujano," seems to have been a kind of Micawber. However, it is something to know that at the time of the publication of one of the greatest books given to the world, the author "was old, that he was a soldier by profession, a gentleman"—and poor. Professor Schevill's summary of Cervantes' life, and the accompanying critical analyses of parts 1 and 2 of "Don Quixote," of the twelve "Exemplary Novels," and of the master's other works, are of notable interest and value. It is curious that Charles Jarvis's translation of "Don Quixote," published in 1742, is not mentioned in the bibliography, as well as the translations by Shelton and Motteux.

***Darwin (Sir Francis).** SPRINGTIME; and other essays. Murray, 1920. 7½ in. 253 pp., 7/6 n. 824.9

See review, p. 172.

Tolstoy (Lyof Nikolaevitch).

Noyes (George Rapall). TOLSTOY ("Master Spirits of Literature"). Murray, 1919. 8 in. 407 pp. bibliog. index, 7/6 n. 891.7

The second volume of this series, of which Professor C. H. Grandgent's "Dante" was the first. The author deals not only with Tolstoy's written works, but also with such facts of his life as have a bearing upon the literary output of the "great writer of the Russian land"; and some reference is made to Tolstoy's incalculable moral and religious influence upon the passing and oncoming generations of society. Pictures are presented of Tolstoy's family and racial environment; and the author brings well into the foreground his intense sincerity, deep interest in education, revolutionary ideals, and love for all men. He discusses very fully Tolstoy's ethical system and theological views, and in the course of long critical analyses of "War and Peace," "Anna Karenina," "Resurrection," and other works remarks upon Tolstoy's consistent realism and independence or neglect of technique. The conclusion reached is that Tolstoy "is the master-spirit among all writers whom Russia has yet produced, and that he is the master-spirit among all the masters of the world since the time of Goethe."

POETRY.

A Boy's Absence. Poems by a Schoolmaster. Allen & Unwin, 1919. 6½ in. 24 pp., 1/6 n. 821.9

The theme of these twenty sonnets is the affection of a schoolmaster for a boy in his charge.

Never shall I call
A child my own; I never look to feel
The homely pleasures that to most men fall;
Yet, having thee, I deem that I have all.

A softness, a woolliness of technique, combine with a certain sentimentality of thought to spoil the general effect of the sequence.

A Collection of New Poems by Contemporary Poets ("Monthly Chapbook," January, 1920). Poetry Bookshop. 9 in. 32 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 821.9

Eight new poets are represented in the current number of the *Chapbook*. Their verses are pleasant enough, but we detect no dazzlingly original talent.

Lowes (John Livingston). CONVENTION AND REVOLT IN POETRY. Boston, Mass., Houghton Mifflin (Constable), 1919. 8 in. 348 pp., \$1.75 n. 808.1

By sprinkling his discourse with colloquialisms such as 'weren't,' 'wasn't,' 'we've,' and 'can't,' Professor Lowes thinks that he is getting in closer touch with his students than if he kept to the style of a formal paper to a learned society; but, even if he talked so, he surely need not write and print expressions that are out of place in prose, and his prose is vigorous enough to do without them, and too good to be wantonly disfigured. The ideas of convention and acceptance which are the basis of his doctrine remind one somewhat of Rousseau and his *contrat social*. Why postulate an agreement to accept certain literary conventions, when it is obvious that poetic meanings are seized instinctively because of the suggestive quality of the words conveying them? Coleridge surely did not assume "common consent" as the authority for poetic faith. The greater part of the book is an instructive though elementary study in the analytics of literature. In the later chapters much importance is attached to the Imagists; but the best part is a discussion of *metre, vers libre*, and the incursions of prose, in which Professor Lowes comes to much the same conclusion as recent investigators of the actual facts of rhythm, viz., that *vers libres* are sometimes verse and sometimes prose, and that there is no *tertium quid*, neither verse nor prose.

Meynell (Viola). VERSES. Secker, 1919. 7½ in. 36 pp., 2/6 n. 821.9

There is a certain under-emphasis in Miss Meynell's tone, a certain flatness and dryness in all she says. Reaction against an easy exuberance is good; but we wonder sometimes whether Miss Meynell has not carried the reaction too far. Silence and impassivity are, at certain moments, the most effective gesture; but they are effective only by comparison with the violence of passion. A whole drama pitched in a whisper would end by being simply dull. Miss Meynell's method is excellent when her flatness is made the vehicle of a powerful emotion, as, for instance, in "The Vocabulary." But where there is no contrast, where flatness of language expresses a flatness of thought, the method fails and the poem becomes uninteresting. Oppressed by the grey quiet earnestness of "The Frozen Ocean" and "Jonah and the Whale," one realizes that sophistications, prettinesses, conceits and over-emphasis have their uses.

***Wilkinson (Marguerite).** NEW VOICES: an introduction to contemporary poetry. New York, Macmillan Co., 1919. 8 in. 432 pp. indexes, 8/6 n. 808.1

Still another American handbook on the analytics of literature, this time assisting "the reader's approach to contemporary poetry." The author explains the pattern of a poem, organic rhythm, images and symbols, and diction. She does this sensibly and in an uncontroversial way, and has been allowed by the authors and publishers to give nearly two hundred poems in full from living poets—including a number who might almost be described as the futurists.

822.33 SHAKESPEARE.

Parsons (J. Denham). THE "READ IF THOU CANST" EPITAPH AT STRATFORD UPON AVON: a study in coincidence. The Author, Ravenswood, 45, Sutton Court Road, Chiswick, W., 1918. 8½ in. 16 pp. paper. 822.33

The author suggests that the inscription to Shakespeare in Stratford Church embodies a cryptogram setting forth that Bacon wrote the poems and plays; and that the code is a combination of gematria, or signalling by the number-values of the letters making up the words, with the use of the Pythagorean bases or root digits of the words and letters. Employing this dual process in an endeavour to decipher the supposed cryptogram, Mr. Parsons has discovered coincidences which, he considers, "arguably" point to Bacon as the true author of the poems and plays. Many facts are given in the pamphlet in support of this hypothesis. Most of the figures have been checked by the present writer; and a number of coincidences have come to light. This is all that can be said, for almost anything may to appearance be proved by the clectic and imaginative handling of numbers.

FICTION.

Bain (F. W.). THE INDIAN STORIES OF F. W. BAIN: vol. 12, THE LIVERY OF EVE. Lee Warner, Riccardi Press, 1920. 9 in. 106 pp. (Sold only in sets, £10 10s. the 13 volumes.)

The last volume but one of this beautiful edition of Mr. Bain's stories. "The Livery of Eve" was first published in 1917. Mr. Jacobi's presswork and the Riccardi type together make these Riccardi Press books the finest examples of contemporary printing that it is possible to buy at the present time.

Beach (Mrs. William Hicks). SHUTTERED DOORS. Lane, 1919. 7½ in. 313 pp., 7/ n.

The life-story of a girl with a fortune left her by a Boer uncle. "County people" with well-ordered houses, persons whose ancestors were Saxon, or even, possibly, British, an all-pervading duke, an exemplary bishop, and an old lady whose correct and refined manner of dying edifies the reader, chiefly constitute the society (of "poise" and tone) into which the reader of this book is introduced. The most appealing part of the story is the picture of the clinging of the heroine's mother to her ancient home.

Grimshaw (Beatrice). THE TERRIBLE ISLAND. Hurst & Blackett, 1920. 7½ in. 288 pp., 7/6 n.

The author has found a remarkable opening for her story: a lady in evening dress is seen one evening walking out of the sea off New Guinea. She is unable to tell who she is or how she came in the water, but repeats the names of three or four islands in the neighbourhood, one of which has a very weird reputation. Having thus gripped the reader's attention, the author retains it to the end as she relates the strange incidents that occur to the party when they reach "the terrible island."

Hamilton (Mary Agnes). FULL CIRCLE. Collins [1919]. 7½ in. 388 pp., 7/ n.
See review, p. 179.

Hergesheimer (Joseph). GOLD AND IRON. Heinemann [1919]. 7½ in. 315 pp., 7/ n.
See review, p. 179.

***Meredith (George).** CELT AND SAXON. Constable, 1919. 9 in. 297 pp., 7/6 n.

A reprint in the admirable "Standard Edition" of Meredith's works. The binding in blue cloth is discreet and dignified, the type clear, and the paper not too woolly. An excellent library edition.

Muir (Ward). ADVENTURES IN MARRIAGE. Simpkin & Marshall [1920]. 7½ in. 310 pp., 6/ n.

Mr. Muir in these stories and sketches treats of the many-faced problems of matrimony, and portrays with skill and precision numerous types of wedded existence. Many of the marriages he depicts were failures. The egocentric husband, the wife without a thought beyond dress and a "good time," the marriage that is a union only in outward form, and the contrast between the "owned" or "sheltered" women and those who barter convention for independence—these are some of Mr. Muir's themes.

Rosny (J. H.), aîné. LA GUERRE DU FEU ("Bibliothèque Plon"). Paris, Plon-Nourrit [1919]. 7½ in. 206 pp. paper, 2fr. 843.9

A cheaper edition of the striking novel of prehistoric times.

White (Percy). CAIRO ("Constable's Popular Series"). Constable [1920]. 7 in. 346 pp., 2/ n.

To this cheap reprint of his pre-war novel the author contributes a short preface on recent events in Egypt.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

***Burrow (Edward J.).** THE ANCIENT ENTRENCHMENTS AND CAMPS OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE. Cheltenham and London, E. J. Burrow & Co., 1919. 176 pp. il. maps, index, 21/ 913.4241

See review, p. 176.

Philips' Authentic Map of Europe ("Philips' Authentic Maps"). Philip & Son [1920]. Folding sheet 25 by 21½ in. paper, 2/ n. 912.40

A new edition. Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Hungary, and the several Russian States are clearly shown, as well as the present boundaries of Germany.

Philips' Europe ("Philips' Travelling Maps"). Philip & Son [1920]. folding sheet, mounted on linen, 25 by 21½ in., 5/ n. 912.40

A serviceable map of the new Europe. The lettering and colouring are satisfactory, and the detail is sufficient, in view of the scale on which the countries are shown.

920 BIOGRAPHY

Croke (Richard).

Sheppard (J. T.). RICHARD CROKE: A SIXTEENTH CENTURY DON. Cambridge, Heffer, 1919. 9 in. 24 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 920

A brief biographical essay, full of wit and sympathy, on the Richard Croke (1489-1558) who was the first Greek Reader and first Public Orator in the University of Cambridge. Croke was one of the earliest English humanists; a friend of Erasmus, in the printing of whose "Lucubrations" he had a large share; the founder of Greek studies in Leipzig University, where he, like other contemporary humanists, lectured to a rapturous audience. We hope that Mr. Sheppard had a like experience when giving this lecture; he deserved it.

Dempster (C. L. H.). THE MANNERS OF MY TIME. Edited by Alice Knox. Grant Richards, 1920. 9 in. 256 pp., il., 10/6 n. 920

See review, p. 174.

***Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes for 1920.** Kelly's Directories, 1920. 7½ in. 1773 pp., 20/ n. 929

"Kelly's Handbook" is so comprehensive that it forms a useful supplement to the Peerages and "Who's Who." This forty-sixth annual edition has kept abreast of the changes brought about by the war, as shown by the inclusion of Finland, the Republic of Poland, and the Kingdom of Serbes, Croates and Slovenes among the nations having Ministers and Consuls in London.

Marbot (Baron Marcellin de). MÉMOIRES DU GÉNÉRAL BARON DE MARBOT—Gênes, Austerlitz ("Bibliothèque Plon"). Paris, Plon-Nourrit [1919]. 7 in. 241 pp. paper, 2fr. 920

This reprint of the first volume of the famous memoirs comes down to the battles of Austerlitz and Jena.

Peel (Lady Georgiana). RECOLLECTIONS OF LADY GEORGIANA PEEL. Compiled by her daughter Ethel Peel. Lane, 1920. 9 in. 326 pp. il., 16/ n. 920

See review, p. 174.

***Tchehov (Anton).** LETTERS OF ANTON TCHEHOV TO HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. Chatto & Windus, 1920. 9 in. 424 pp. pors. index, 12/6 n. 920

A review will appear.

930—990 HISTORY.

***Abbott (W. C.).** THE EXPANSION OF EUROPE (1415-1789): a history of the foundations of the modern world. Bell, 1919. 2 vols. 8½ in. 533, 476 pp. il. maps, index, 30/ n. 940

See review, p. 175.

Dell (Robert). MY SECOND COUNTRY (FRANCE). Lane, 1920. 7½ in. 323 pp. index, 7/6 n. 944.09

See review, p. 178.

Diehl (Charles). HISTOIRE DE L'EMPIRE BYZANTIN. Paris, Picard, 1919. 7½ in. 240 pp. il. maps, bibliog. paper. 949.501-4

A succinct history of the Byzantine Empire from the foundation of Constantinople in 330 A.D. to its fall in 1453. Copiously illustrated with excellent photographs of Byzantine architecture, mural decoration, etc.

Hauteœur (Louis). L'ITALIE SOUS LE MINISTÈRE ORLANDO, 1917-1919. Paris, Bossard, 1919. 9 in. 276 pp. index, paper, 7fr. 50. 945

In M. Hauteœur's work, which is in four main sections—"The Crisis of October, 1917," "The Policy of Nationalities, January—October, 1918," "From the Armistice to the Conference (November, 1918—January, 1919)," and "Italy and the Peace Conference (January—June, 1919)"—the causes of the Italian crisis, and of the uncertainty among the Allies concerning the solution of the Adriatic problem,

are traced to the hesitations of the Boselli Cabinet, to the disputes between interventionists and neutralists, to the pacifist campaign conducted by official Socialists and others, and to various military considerations. The necessity of the avoidance of dissension among the Allies, and especially between France and Italy, is emphasized.

Sumichrast (Frederick C. de). THE MAKING OF AMERICA. King, 1919. 8 in. 343 pp. maps, apps. index, 6/ n. 973

From Columbus's discovery of America to the Fourth of July celebration in London in 1918, Professor Sumichrast writes a short history of the American people, having specially in view the need of making Britons see America's problems from the ordinary American's point of view. He is at fault, however, in assuming that the ordinary Briton "cannot realize the effect of the obstinate resolve of George III. to compel the colonist to do what he pleased and nought else." As one of his own countrymen recently demonstrated, it is the American histories for schools, and not the English, that have inculcated an erroneous view of the early relations between the two nations.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

***Doyle (Sir Arthur Conan).** THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS: JULY TO NOVEMBER, 1918: vol. 6. Hodder & Stoughton [1920]. 9 in. 333 pp. maps, plans, app. index, 7/6 n. 940.9

This, the sixth and concluding volume of Sir Conan Doyle's perspicuous history of the late achievements of the British Army in the West, passes in review the wonderful series of victories which were gained after April, 1918, by the forces led by Rawlinson, Horne, Byng, Plumer, and Birdwood; bears unstinted tribute to the gallantry of our Overseas troops; and testifies to the *elan* of the American soldiers. The volume closes with a summary of the events preceding the Armistice, and of the principal terms of peace.

Jones (E. H.) and Hill (C. W.). THE ROAD TO EN-DOR: being an account of how two prisoners of war at Yozgad in Turkey won their way to freedom. By E. H. Jones, with illustrations by C. W. Hill. Lane, 1920. 7½ in. 367 pp. il. apps., 8/6 n. 940.9

This book is far more than an interesting narrative of the escape of two British officers from Turkey, and of the successful deception of Turkish and other officials by a system of spurious spiritualistic "messages," devised, in the first place for amusement, by the author and artist. The record possesses importance as a piece of exceedingly detailed, first-hand evidence that "intelligent, scientific, and otherwise highly educated men" can be completely deluded by the "arts and methods employed by 'mediums' in general." To have made such an exposure at the present time is to have done a real and lasting service.

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